

DRESS GOODS!

New Colors,
New Styles,

—AT—
LOWEST PRICES.

BED BLANKETS!

WHITE and COLORED.

All Wool, Heavy Bed Blankets at \$2.25. Common Bed Blankets at \$1.25, 1.50 and up.

S.G. AUSTIN & Co

—Yellow fever has appeared in Tampa, Fla.
—Mrs. E. E. Smith has returned from her eastern trip.
—Peck's Bad Boy next Tuesday night at the Opera House.
—"Across the Continent" to-night at the Opera House.
—They have a hangman at Fort Smith, Arkansas, who has executed ninety-four men
—The blue flag is up this morn'g indicating rain, while cooler weather is indicated.

—Josiah Fry, who has been in Iowa for the past four weeks, on business, has returned.

—Captain John G. Mack, chief mustering officer of the Department of Illinois, G. A. R., died last evening at Springfield.

—Mrs. Floto, who has not seen her brother, A. C. Specht, in thirty-six years, is visiting with him at his residence in this city.

—Miss Nellie Robinson, who recently took a partial course in bookkeeping at the Business University, has assumed charge of the books in her father's store.

The illustrated lecture at the Opera House last night, was much better attended than the one previous, and the audience was delighted with the realistic scenes shown. To-night "Across the Continent" will be given.

—Our old fellow-townsmen, J. M. Sawyer, has resigned his position of assistant general freight agent of the N. Y., Lake Erie & Western R. R., and has accepted the position of general agent of the Minneapolis & Western R. R.; headquarters at St. Paul. Mr. H. L. Shute, formerly assistant general freight agent of the Ills. Central, is general freight agent of this road.

—The Dixon Business University is just in receipt of the following calls for office help: Auditor Pullman Company, Chicago, salary one thousand dollars; General Freight Agent, Hannibal & St. Joe railway company, St. Joseph, Mo.; Sandwich M'ls Company, Sandwich, Ill.; General Agent, B. & O., Chicago, salary seventy-five dollars; R. E. Wilson, Mdse. Broker, Kansas City, Mo.; H. C. Paddock, editor "The Wheaton Illinoisian," Wheaton, Ill.

—The jury called to assess damages in the Inlet Drainage district, after closing its business and making its report to Judge Ferrand, had a little fun of its own, after the hard days' labor. They had a sort of guessing contest; "for the peanuts," you know. We got our report from scraps of paper left carelessly upon the table and on which were the results of the guesses, and the names of the members who "got stuck." But we will not be too free with the find and go into particulars, but confine this report only to general results. The jurymen would mark each as to the others age, weight and height, and the one who was most wide of the mark got "stuck." After all the figures were in it was found in summing up the results that the average ages was fifty-three and a quarter years; the average weight, one hundred and seventy pounds; average height five feet eleven inches; average head—size of hat—seven and a quarter inches; nativity, Pennsylvania four, New Hampshire two, New York two, and Canada, Massachusetts, Ireland and Germany one each.

TAKE AN UMBRELLA.

The following dispatch from the Signal Service Bureau indicates more rain:
W. L. FOOTE, Dixon, Ill.:
The indications are rain and a decided fall in temperature.

GREELY.

—The Chicago Daily News is a great worshipper of Cleveland and also has a corresponding hatred of Blaine. The News got out an extra superior edition the day the President was in Chicago and among its reading there appeared a poem extremely eulogistic of Cleveland, but it was an acrostic, and the first letters of each line spelled, "Hurrah for Blaine." Some correspondent had sold the editors so badly that the splendid edition of the News was utterly ruined.

—Joseph B. Williams died at his home in Rockford night before last of neuralgia of the heart. He had been conversing about business affairs only a short time before his death, and as he had been but slightly ill death was quite unexpected. Deceased was aged about fifty-five years. He was for a long time a merchant at Ashton and one of the leading citizens of this county; generally taking a prominent part in politics; was once a candidate for county treasurer. About ten years ago he moved to Bloomington where he resided until he moved to Rockford where he has since conducted a 99 cent store. In early days he clerked for Wm. Mix, of Oregon, and later at Daysville. He prospered in business at Rockford and was building a fine residence in that city. He leaves a wife, formerly Elizabeth Paddock, and a daughter, Miss Carrie.

—The Sterling Gazette say: "The game of ball between the Park Nine and the Northwestern picked nine yesterday afternoon, attracted a goodly gathering of spectators. The umpire was Hogan, of Dixon, and there was a decided kicking against his decisions throughout the game by the Park Nine and their friends, who openly charged him with favoritism toward the Northwestern boys, and he was the recipient of a considerable amount of "guying." Those playing in the Park Nine were Grogan, Church, Cochran, Christ, Robinson, Wickens, Boyers, Fondersmith and O'Brien. The last four playing for the first time in match game in the club. The Railroad nine were Johnson, of DeKalb; McDonald, of Dixon; Scanlan, of Dixon; Ferris, of Dixon, and Swartout, Williams, Sheridan, Wilkinson and Aller, the last five from Sterling. The N. W.'s were first at the bat, and at the third inning the score stood nine to two in favor of the Northwesterns. After that the Park's crept up, so that at the close of the game the score stood thirteen to eleven, in favor of the Northwesterns. Johnson, of DeKalb, is said to be a very fine player, indeed. But he was by no means the only good player; both the nines possessed several skilled ones, and there were a number of very fine plays during the course of the game."

—We spoke recently of the strange case of a young man, Wm. Thomas, serving in the penitentiary for murder while a convict in the same prison, there for another crime, made a dying confession that Thomas was innocent and that he murdered Allen. The Sycamore Republican, published in the county where the murder was committed, has this to say:

"If William Thomas is innocent of the murder of Hiram P. Allen, either as principal or accessory, then The True Republican, in accord with all, wishes a pardon granted him. Yes, more than that. It would wish that there was some law by which the innocently convicted, forced to serve the best part of his life in confinement, might be compensated liberally for the time lost as only slight redress for the great wrong the law had done him. This of course can never be done. But before saying pardon him, there are some strong impressions of his guilty knowledge of the crime that should be removed by explanation, and how can Thomas or his friends explain away the testimony of Chas. Dyas and the agreed robbery at the A. house in which Thomas was to participate? Or how account for certain statements made to officials when the talk of a plea of guilty and a light sentence took place between attorneys? Then, too, what is there to the statement so current that the Young confession is the second one procured, the other missing fire through unfortunate dates, and that Young knew that he must soon die when he first made his confession and made it for a money consideration, his indigent old mother being the beneficiary. These may all be idle allegations but they are in the mouths of more than one who asks that they be explained. Then, if satisfactorily done, let Will Thomas be pardoned."

—We understand that the movement started some time since having in view a removal of the Dixon post office from Galena street, is again being pushed in a quiet sort of a way. THE TELEGRAPH

has taken no active part in this matter except to council moderation and to advise our business men not to become involved in a quarrel over the matter. There is this fact that should not be forgotten while people are becoming excited over the post office location trouble, and that is: It will make very little difference in a short time in a business point of view as to where the post office may be located; for the reason that it will not be many years, or perhaps months, before Dixon will have a free delivery, and as soon as that change is made in the postal arrangements but little trade will be drawn by the post office wherever it may be located. Letters and papers will be delivered by carriers and therefore a post office will be no very great catch for any particular location; as letters, papers and other mail matter will be so distributed that but few people will have any business at the post office. We had hoped that the post office trouble had been settled for some time to come, but this appears not to be the case. However, if what the agent of the post office department informed us when last here be true there will be no removal of the post office this season.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Sunday school 10 a. m. sharp. Morning sermon at 11, subject: "Bringing people to Christ." Evening subject: "What sort of a Gate to do you keep?" All are cordially invited. Seats free.

M. E. CHURCH.

—The Rev. F. A. Sheets, the "new minister," will preach at the Methodist church to-morrow morning at the usual hour and also in the evening. We are unable to learn the subjects.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Regular services in the morning conducted by the pastor; subject: "The ministry of reconciliation." Sunday school at 12 m.; children's temperance mass meeting at 3 p. m. addressed by Miss Addie Northam.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Regular services: Morning service, 10:30; Sabbath School at 12 o'clock; Young People's Meeting at 6:30. A full attendance of all the young people connected with the congregation desired as an important matter will come before them.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Regular services to-morrow. Preaching in the morning by Rev. James B. McCune, of Chicago. Sunday school at 12 m.; young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Temperance meeting in the evening, addressed by Miss Ada Northam, State superintendent of the Juvenile temperance work of the W. C. T. U.

WELL KNOWN WOMEN.

Queen Victoria is writing another book, but what about nobody knows.

The phenomenal violin player of Canada is Miss Edith Littlehale, of Hamilton, Ont.

Mrs. Mackay has been persuaded by Lady Burdett-Coutts to join the latter in a plan for the assistance of London's starving poor.

Miss Marcia Marvin, daughter of the late Bishop E. M. Marvin, has been appointed matron in the Mission school at Piracicaba, Brazil.

Mrs. Edith Kingdon Gould cut up a \$10,000 point d'Alencon flounce that once belonged to the Empress Eugenie to trim her baby's clothes.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is one of the most enthusiastic of photographic amateurs, and her flower pictures form a collection worth examining.

A testimonial concert to Miss Sara Jewett was given last week by a number of fine musicians at Clifton Springs, where she has been spending the summer.

Signora Verdi, wife of "Il Trovatore," is a very charitable woman. She is now putting up a splendid hospital at Busseto, which she and Verdi will endow.

A sister of the late "Jim" Fisk is at Saratoga. She is the wife of Col. Hooker, of Bennington, Vt., and is possessed of many charms of person and intellect.

Queen Marie, of Hanover, broke her arm last week at the Duke of Cumberland's villa at Pising, near Vienna, through falling on the highly polished floor of the picture gallery.

Miss Mary Grant, an English sculptor of considerable reputation and a niece of a former president of the Royal academy, is on a visit to this country, and is now in Boston. She has made a bust of Queen Victoria.

Miss Celeste Stauffer, of New Orleans, is one of the leaders of out of door sports at Newport. Her taste in dress is superb, and Samuel Tilden left her enough money to enable her to gratify her tastes in any direction.

Mrs. Gen. Logan has been in Chicago arranging for the building of the monument which is to commemorate her husband's patriotism. She also looked after the general's book. Mrs. Logan will reside in Washington.

The empress of Austria has a kind heart. While she was at Cromer this summer a fisherman was drowned there. She went to his cottage alone, broke the news as tenderly as possible to the widow, and left her a purse containing \$2,000.

Mrs. Cleveland is a lady of fortune as well as a fortunate lady. Congressman McShane, of Nebraska, is authority for the statement that the present valuation of the Omaha property in which the president's wife and her mother have each an eighth interest is \$800,000.

One of the greatest characters of London society is Maria, Dowager Marchioness of Aylesbury. She is an octogenarian, very eccentric and sarcastic, but, despite great poverty, a favorite in the grandest houses. Many of the English papers don't hesitate to refer to her as "Old Maria."

Ida Lewis Wilson still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and, shabby as it looks, she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newport.

THE CHILDREN.

An exchange says the little girl who was cross every night said that it was because her mother put her to bed surly.—Oil City Blitzard.

"Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what is our duty to our neighbors?" "To ask 'em to tea soon as they get settled," said Johnny.—Oshkosh Gazette.

Mother (reading)—France uses peat for fuel. Child (listening)—What did they burn him for, mamma? "Burn who, Bessie?" "Why, Pete."—Danville News.

A little girl's father has a round bald spot. Kissing him at bedtime not long ago, she said: "Stoop down, popsie dear. I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."—Traveler's Record.

Mrs. M. Cahill is now prepared to show her customers everything new in the millinery line. 1165 938w1

POTATOES from the north for sale in lots to suit at Pitcher's warehouse. Consumers should now lay in their supply as they will be very high priced before spring. 833 1163smwst4

Dr. Pollock will hereafter be at his office, in Opera Block, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. dwt

There will be a Public Sale at J. H. Anderson's farm, two and one-half miles west of Dixon, on Township line road, Palmyra, Thursday, Oct. 20. 1167 933w1

'THE REASON why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

COAL.

The celebrated "Barclay" Soft Coal, also Best Third Vein, for sale at Pitcher's 1159tf

WINDOW GLASS at Horton's drug store. 1158tf

J. W. Kent expects three car loads of choice Michigan winter apples about the middle of October. Those desiring a winter stock would do well to wait and see them 1158tf

OLD and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

FINE CIGARS at Horton's Drug Store. 1158tf

BUGGIES AND HARNESS
The largest stock and lowest prices at PITCHER'S. 1014tf

AT NIGHT always have Acker's Baby Soother at hand. It is the only safe medicine yet made that will remove all infantile disorders. It contains no Opium or Morphine, but gives the child natural ease from pain. Price 25 cents. Sold by Tillson & Hayden. n2

PAPERING AND PAINTING.

Charles McBride is now prepared to do all kinds of carriage painting, papering, painting and decorating in good style and on short notice. 1000tf

A. F. ROBINSON sells Boots and Shoes.

Hayden Bro's. will deliver the purest quality of ice in any quantity to any part of the city. Orders left at George Laing's feed store will have prompt attention.

WANTED.

Girls to work in Corset Factory. Steady work at good wages. Address or apply to Corset Factory, Aurora, Illinois. 1148m1

Low prices on Statements at this office

FOR RENT.

HOUSE AND STORE—In Dement Town. Good Accommodations in connection. Enquire of Mrs. F. BERRY, on premises, 1 block west of Ills. Central Depot. I have a small stock of Dry Goods which will be sold cheap.

FLOUR!

Buy Flour made at the Home Mill. Because it is the BEST and Because it is the CHEAPEST.

THE DIXON MILL

Never made Better Flour Than It is Making at the Present Time. The Quality, and Everything From Our Mill is Guaranteed As Represented Or Money Refunded.

FARMERS

[Can always rely upon getting the Highest Market Price For Choice Wheat!]

AT YOUR MILL.

DIXON MILLING CO.

FACTS

Are Stubborn Things,
A fine line of
CHOICE PERFUMES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
POCKET CUTLERY,
SHOULDER BRACES,
PATENT MEDICINES &

In fact Everything usually kept in a
First-Class Drug Store.

On which I can, and will save my customers from 10 to 25 per cent. Prescriptions A Specialty. Please give me a trial and you will be convinced

D. S. HORTON

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
North side Main street.

SPECIAL PRICE

—ON—
Men's and Boy's

PANTS

THIS WEEK, AT
Charley's Hat Store!

Largest line of CRUSH HATS ever shown in Dixon. A good

FUR STIFF HAT FOR \$1.50

THIS WEEK ONLY, AT

CHARLEY'S Hat Store

OPERA HOUSE

TUESDAY, 11th
OCTOBER

ATKINSON'S
Comedy Company

CHAS. ATKINSON, Manager.
In the Great Musical Comedy,

PECK'S BAD BOY

AND HIS PA,

The Funniest Comedy on Earth, played by Comedians who act and sing. The Realistic GROCERY STORE and the GREAT GOAT SCENE, will make you

SMILE, TITTER, LAUGH, SCREAM, YELL!

POPULAR PRICES:
Admission 35 and 50 cents, Reserved Seats 50c; now on sale at T. J. Hyde & Co.'s

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded to the

STANDARD

Sewing
Machine

At the Ohio State Fair. THE BEST MACHINE MADE. Call and See For Yourself.

R. A. Rodesch, Agt.

RODESCH'S MUSIC HALL, NO. 4, OPERA BLK.

SINCE the discovery of petroleum 53,000 wells have been drilled in Pennsylvania and the adjacent oil territory. It cost \$200,000,000 to sink these wells. The oil they have produced sold at the wells for \$500,000,000, therefore the profit of the producers has been \$300,000,000. There is no estimate at hand of the profits of the Standard Oil Company.

THE Tall Sycamore of the Wabash says Voorhees is not his right name. "There should be a 'Van' before my name. Clear down to the time of my childhood my ancestors were old Knickerbockers, and I am the first cross in that long ancient Dutch lineage. It is not my fault that the 'Van' has been dropped from our name. It was a mistake, and could I have foreseen the future so far as my own career was concerned I would have tacked it on upon my own responsibility."

THE total gross debt of the Dominion of Canada, June 30, 1887, amounted to \$270,200,373. Against this there were assets, including investments for sinking funds, etc., province accounts, and banking accounts, amounting to \$45,173,611, leaving the net debt on that date at \$225,025,762. In case of union, which some of our neighbors propose, Uncle Sam would no doubt have to assume the payment of this debt. The most of it was incurred in aiding the construction of railroads and public works.

UPON the belfry of the Kauthaus, in Coblenz, there is the head of a giant, bearded and helmeted with brass. The giant's head is known as "The Man in the Custom House," and whenever a countryman meets a citizen of Coblenz away from that place, instead of saying "How are all our friends in Coblenz?" he asks: "How is the man in the custom house?" At every stroke of the bell which sounds the hours upon the clock the mouth of the giant opens and shuts with great force, as if it were trying to say in the words of Longfellow: "Time was—Time is—Time is past."

OUT of the 260,000 tons of steel and iron manufactured annually at the Krupp works the greater portion is required for peaceful purposes, especially for railway plant and material. From a report published in 1881 it appears that the number of workmen employed in the cast-steel works amounts to 11,211, and those employed in mines and forges to 8,394, being a total of 19,605. To these we may reckon the families of the employees, numbering 45,776, thus showing that 65,381 persons were at that time dependent on the Krupp establishment for their livelihood.

VICTORIA, in a book she is now writing, will deal largely in showing the crowned heads of Europe that by superintending their own households they can live comfortably on \$500,000 a year and put something away for a rainy day, and this she will urge with great force of reasoning, and will show by reliable statistics, drawn chiefly from the history of France, that crowns, thrones, and scepters are not worth as much as they were a century ago, and may be very soon worth nothing at all. Hence, the Queen urges the necessity of making hay while the sun shines, that there may be funds on hand in case of revolution and exile. Vic's head is level.

THE barramunda proves to be a connecting link of primary rank between the oldest surviving group of fishes and the lowest air-breathing animals, like the frogs and salamanders. It leaves its native streams at night and sets out on a foraging expedition after vegetable food in the neighboring woodlands. It has both lungs and gills. It can breathe either air or water at will, or, if it chases, the two together. Though covered with scales and most fish-like in outline, it presents points of anatomical resemblance both to salamanders and lizards, and is a connecting bond between the North American mud fish on the one hand and the wonderful lepidosiren on the other.

DR. PARRACHIA has made a curious study of the differences between criminals and law-abiding citizens as exhibited by their walk. He has not only shown how we may distinguish criminals in general, but has laid the beginning of the differential diagnosis between various evil-doers. He found that in criminals in general (obtained from the study of forty criminals) the left pace was longer than the right, the lateral deviation of the right foot was greater than that of the left, and the angle formed by the axis of the foot with the straight line was greater on the left side than on the right. It would thus seem that, in general, the

gait of a criminal betrays a marked preponderance of power of the left foot over the right—a true sinistrality. This also agrees with the discovery of Marro that criminals are often left-handed.

SEBASTIAN MULLER is the name of a man who has just arrived at New Haven, Conn., coming from his home in Switzerland. He and his performance are described by a local print: "Muller is 25 years old, stands five feet eight inches in height, and tips the beam at 198½ pounds. He is well built, with large and massive shoulders, and splendidly-developed muscles on the arms and chest. Taking a stone about six inches long, and of the usual cobblestone shape, he held it firmly with his left hand against an iron ball fastened to the top of the barrel. Then swinging his right arm around his head he brought the hand down sideways with fearful force upon the stone about two inches from the end. With a crack the stone broke into several pieces, which flew off in different directions. The operation was exactly similar to that of a blacksmith wielding a sledgehammer. The last stone broken was a nearly-round, tough-textured piece of white quartz, such as is often found along country roads. This was shivered into pieces. After the performance Muller's hand showed no sign of the fearful blows except a slight redness."

RAILWAY enterprise in Turkey, which has long been dormant, is at last about to take a gigantic stride. An imperial "iradeh," just issued, grants to a syndicate of British financiers the right to construct a grand-trunk line, to traverse the great central plateau of Asia Minor, and connect Constantinople, the empire city, with Bagdad, the queen of Mesopotamia. For years past this undertaking has been the goal of rival speculators. English, French, and German company promoters, and even Americans, have all sought to carry off what is justly regarded as the grand prix of Turkish concession stakes, and neither the whip of embassy assistance nor the spur of promised rewards has been wanting in the efforts made to bring the respective schemes up to the winning-post of acceptance. The French ambassador is very irate at the decision that has been made, and speaks of it as a second Egyptian convention. He is the more disgusted in that a French group, working under his patronage, had seemed, up to the very issue of this iradeh, to be making all the running. Montebello and his Russian ally both endeavored to lodge a protest with the grand vizier, but his highness shunted off their interference with the remark that the construction of a railway in Turkey which touched nowhere upon the frontier of either Russia or Turkey was a matter that could not concern them. The projected line is to run from Scutari, on the Bosphorus, to Bagdad. The line will traverse districts alternately rich in minerals and agricultural wealth, and in a few years will effect a greater change in the social condition of the inhabitants of Asia Minor than could be brought about by any amount of reform edicts.

PROF. MARIANO SEMMOLA, the famous Italian physician and scientist, who was present at the recent Medical Congress in Washington, created considerable sensation by his attack upon the Koch theory of microbes as a cause of disease. The position which he took was that in most cases microbes were the effects, not the causes, of disease, and that the only way in which it could be established that they were the causes would be to reproduce the disease artificially by them. Upon this point he said: "The experiments made have not given any satisfactory results except in carbuncle and tuberculosis. Then to conclude hastily that this or that microbe in such and such a disease is the cause is to but ignore or set aside the experimental method. The demonstration which the experimental method demands: in this case would be complicated, because we would not only have to know that the microbe existed, but we would have to know what was the condition of the blood necessary to the culture of that particular microbe, and science tells us that, for the present, this is a problem we cannot solve." If this be so, then away goes the theory of bacteriology. If more theories could go with it, and medical science could be content with resting squarely upon demonstration, there would be less jumping at conclusions and more working upon the lines of actual experiment. Meanwhile poor humanity can go on eating, drinking, and breathing microbes by millions without fear as to the result, until science can demonstrate the baneful effects of these microscopic bacteria. When they can be demonstrated as causes of disease and bacteriology can counteract them, it will be time to give them the attention that is due.

Old California Hotels.

"I was in California during the stirring days of 1851-2," said an old, tall, lank minstrel man who has been in Australia for the last twenty years, and who recently returned to this country to die, being afflicted with an incurable disease. "I was 14 years old or so," he went on to a reporter of the *Syracuse Standard*, "and a hanger-on at my uncle's mining camp. We ran into San Francisco frequently, and I shall never forget the attractions which two rival hotels offered to the public to eclipse the other's patronage. One of them was known as the Clean Shirt and the other as the Golden Eagle. The Clean Shirt started with a small one-horse brass-band concert on the balcony every evening, and drew big crowds, including about all the Golden Eagle's guests. Pretty soon, however, the Clean Shirt began to lose her boarders by the score without any apparent cause. The proprietor enlarged his brass-band and polished up his bar without effect. It did not take him long to find out that the Golden Eagle was having nightly cocking mains and dog-fights for the exclusive benefit of her guests. Then the Clean Shirt got back part of her custom by introducing private prize fights and slugging matches. It's a fact, gentlemen, that when miners and others had personal differences to settle they used to offer their services to the proprietor of the Clean Shirt, who paid well for a fight, the money going to the winner. Of course these exhibitions were given in private quarters and none but guests and their friends were admitted. The Golden Eagle next enhanced its attractiveness by knocking out one end of its dining-room and building on a stage and a green-room and other like accessories, and had variety performances at every meal. Women were scarce in that part of the country and the Golden Eagle's half-dozen serio-comics, which came on from the Lord knows where, proved a great card, a better one than the Clean Shirt with all its ingenuity could play. One day, however, a desperado went into the Clean Shirt and shot a bartender, a phenomenon which made her famous and placed her far ahead of the Golden Eagle in the estimation of the traveling public. But the proprietor of the Eagle was an ingenious, enterprising cuss and saw his opportunity. He headed a gang which went out and captured the murderer, and, bringing him back strung him up on the dining-room stage one evening at supper, and all the guests, transient and permanent, were accorded the privilege of firing their revolvers at his dangling body. That was a great day for Golden Eagle. One shot accidentally went through the head of a waiter, and the entertainment far exceeded the proprietor's most sanguine expectations."

Men of Genius.

So far from being narrow the man of genius must, one should say, be broad in the range of his conception, if not in that of his execution. There is a sense, indeed, in which every artist would be the gainer by becoming universal. Thus the poet and the painter may each profit from a full and exact study of the facts of natural sciences. But then the artistic benefit depends on the subject being studied not as a savant would study it, merely for the sake of precise knowledge, but for the sake of the poetical aspects, relations, and suggestions which the facts present. So true is this that one is hardly going too far in laying it down as a canon that a painter ought not to be a good reasoner on the causes of natural phenomena, and that a painter ought not to be an authority in the realm, say, of purely historical or ethical discussion.

The lives of great men often shown us a strange and perverse inclination to break through the bounds of their proper domain. More than one man of undoubted genius has, it is averred, expressed regret that he had not attained distinction in some other line than his own. Wolfe, when actually engaged in his last crowning feat of generalship, is said to have declared that he would sooner have written Gray's "Elegy." Goethe, not satisfied to be the greatest German poet, was ambitious to become a servant as well. Such facts appear at first sight to contradict our theory, that superlative performance of any kind implies a corresponding concentration of impulse. Yet the contradiction is only apparent. We may be sure that Wolfe—who, by the by, became a soldier soon after he was 13—was, on the whole, more passionately desirous of military than of poetic distinction, just as we know that in Goethe the poetic impulse was the most potent and permanent. Such occasional roving ambitions may mean nothing more than that the great man, like the small one, is apt to overestimate what lies beyond his reach, or perhaps that he, more than common men, is aware of the limitations that hem him in, and is now and again disposed to rebel against them. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Overreaching Himself.

One Overcoggin farmer gives as one reason why he has amassed a competence the fact that when he puts his hand into a barrel of grain he does not shut it tightly before he draws it forth, but holds it wide open. A story told by the *New Age* at the expense of a Kennebec horse-buyer illustrates the same point. The *Age* says: "It seems that Mr. James Keegan had bargained at Prince Edward Island for a fine horse, the price to be \$175, and was just about to hand over the money when he remarked: 'The halter goes with the horse, of course; I have none with me.' The halter in question was an old one, worth, perhaps, 40 cents. 'Oh! no,' replied the owner, 'if you

want the halter, I want my pay for it.' This was too much for our genial friend Keegan, and quoth he, 'How much do you want for your old halter?' 'Seventy-five cents,' was the reply. 'All right,' that said Keegan. 'Here's your 75 cents; just such a halter as I've been looking for!' And as he passed over the change he quietly took off the (now his) halter, put the \$175 back into his pocket, stepped into his buggy and rode away, leaving his over-grasping owner to lament the loss of a good sale and to get home his bridleless horse as best he might.' — *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

Pretty Legends Connected with Trees.

Near an old German castle is a lime, which a boy, accused of killing his master, planted with its head in the earth, to attest his innocence if it grew and flourished. Two friends were attacked by robbers in a wood, and one of them was killed. The robbers having been put to flight by a flash of lightning, the surviving friend, found kneeling at the side of his dead companion, was condemned to death for his murder. On his way to execution he planted a stick, which he adjured to take root and grow if he was innocent; as, of course, it is proved that he was by the beautiful apple tree that the stick became. Somewhat similar is the account of the Luther elm near Worms. A bigoted old Catholic lady, planting a stick in the ground, declared her resolution not to accept the new faith till that dry stick became green. The fact that it did so proves the interest taken by trees in the preservation of orthodoxy, but it would seem that the elm tree takes a special interest in matters of this sort, for is not the elm the symbol of St. Zenobius, when the coffin of that saint was carried past it a dry elm tree suddenly burst into leaf?

Another way by which trees revealed their inherent sympathy with humanity is by bleeding. Both Virgil and Ovid tell the story of Polydore, one of the Priam's sons, intrusted to the care of a king of Thrace, and by him killed after the taking of Troy; from his grave there grew a myrtle, which, when Eneas plucked its boughs, bled in a pure human fashion, much to that hero's dismay. The present writer himself has searched for an oak tree in a Surrey wood which was said to show a blood-red sap in memory of a murder committed in its vicinity. At all events, if a deed of blood had been committed near the spot the tree in question had forgotten all about it, for no blood issued from its wound, and a disbelief in bleeding trees had to add itself to many another negative conclusion.

The peculiarities, no less than the existence, of trees, admit of mythological explanation; and strangely absurd those explanations often are. Here, for instance, is one of the jagged form of the oak leaves, an explanation of the same order as that which traces the minute holes in the leaves of the St. John's wort to the needle with which the devil pricked it as a punishment for its devil-dispelling powers. The devil agreed with a man that he should have the latter's soul at the time when the oak leaves fell; but when he came to look at the oak in the autumn he found it still in leaf, nor did it part with its old leaves till the new ones began to sprout. In his rage and disappointment he scratched the leaves so vehemently that they have been in consequence jagged ever since. — *Gentleman's Magazine*.

A Turbulent Prayer-Meeting.

"Uncle Josephus, I understand that there was quite a battle down at your house the other night," said the Governor of Arkansas, speaking to an old negro whose duty it is to stay about the State House during sessions of the General Assembly to keep the legislators from carrying off anything.

"Wall, sah, we had er right sharp time down dar, sho's yer born'd, we did."

"I thought that it was to be a prayer-meeting."

"So did I, sah, an' so it wuz an' wouder been hadn' been fur dem blame Meferdis'. Da come down dar er mixin' in wid us Baptists wen da wa'n't vited. Eber' thing went er long mighty well at fust, till Bradder Jake Harvey 'lowed dat it wuz time fur pra'r. Den er Meferdis' 'oman she bounced up, she did, an' wanted ter know ef we wa'n't gwine ter hab nuthin' ter eat. 'Look heah,' says I, 'does yer think dis is er haug-killin'?' 'Oh, no,' says she, 'fur I ain't seed none o' yo' folks gittin' killed yit.' Laws er massy, how ashy dat 'spression did make me! I jes' ached, I did, ter flatten dat lady out ergin de wall, but I put mer hoof on mer temper ter hol' it down, an' satisfied mersef by boxin' her jaw."

"What! you didn't strike her!"

"Who didn't strike her?" he replied, doggedly shaking his head. "I reckon I did strike her, an' right den dar burgen er 'ormance dat wa'n't much like er pra'r-meetin', fur, bein' diserp'inted in catin', dem Meferdis' wuz hotter'n b'ilin' soap. Dat's de way wid dem Meferdis', sah. Allus thinkin' 'bout eatin'. I spizes 'em."

"Was anybody hurt during the fight?"

"Wall, yas, sah, 'pears like dar wuz. Some pizenous pusson hit my wife wid suthin' and laid her up, an' doan yer think, sah, dat lady thinks I done it? Yas, she do, gubner; yas, she do. Think so 'caze seberal days ergo she hit me wid er rock. Tell de truf, I did sorter draw back at her. Er haw, haw!" — *Arkansas Traveler*.

In analyzing the character of heroes it is hardly possible to separate altogether the share of fortune from their own. — *Hallam*.

CHARMS OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

What Gives Them Grace and Attractiveness—Opposed to European Dress. (London Times.)

The general attractiveness of the Japanese fair sex, as to which there are hardly two opinions, is due in a more than ordinary degree to the becoming character of their raiment and the grace with which it is worn. Few Japanese women possess physical beauty of those lofty types which are the Western ideals. They are for the most part comely and engaging, rather than handsome. Dark eyes and hair, penciled eyebrows, well set necks, and remarkably good teeth, together with bright, artless manners and a winning smile, serve to draw attention from irregularities of feature which will hardly bear critical scrutiny. It is the combination of physique, grace, dress, and manner that makes up the agreeable sum total of the average young girl or matron. As well in the brisk, bronzed-checked serving-maid, with her homely but tasteful garments, her eyes of kindness, and her pretty ways, as in the refined little lady of high degree, pale-skinned and gentle-mannered, in her rich, exquisitely neat dress of ceremony, the visitor and the resident alike recognize most pleasing specimens of woman-kind. But they also recognize how much of the general outward effect is really due to the picturesqueness of the national garb. If confirmation of this be needed, it is sufficient to behold the same women clad in foreign clothes, or to mix in any gathering where the two styles can be seen together. Making full allowances for the disadvantages that, in the nature of things, must tell against a costume to which the wearer is wholly unaccustomed, no one who has eyes to see can then hesitate as to the artistic superiority of the Japanese apparel. And, beside its esthetic merits, the latter has other points of excellence. It is healthy, in that it involves no distortion or compression of the kinds imposed by Western fashions. If the skirts of a well-dressed lady's robes are gathered somewhat too tightly for very active locomotion—perhaps the only fault that can be found in her whole attire—no other part of her frame is subjected to unnatural constraint; while the massive girdle gives warmth and protection to the chief bodily organs. Secondly, it is very much less expensive than the costly and irrational habiliments of the West. Jewelry, moreover, forms no part of it in any station of life. Again, its fashions are abiding. While a Japanese belle, like all of her sex, delights in having good clothes and plenty of them, she has, or at least has hitherto had, the comfortable assurance that her ever-increasing wardrobe is in no danger of being at any moment thrown out of date by the caprices of court milliners and fashion mongers. Lastly, it is admirably suited to the beautiful fabrics of the country. It is no wonder, then, that the grievous change now in progress is loudly deprecated by nearly all onlookers. With most of us the first feeling is one of the wrathful indignation. That the Japanese, who are nothing if not artistic, should set themselves in this cold-blooded way to blot out one of the most delightful and picturesque features in the whole national life is regarded as incredible, unnatural, and exasperating. It is vandalism; it is sacrilege; it is mimicry; it is everything that is bad. That is the general lament, and there seems to be a good deal in its favor. But, on the other hand, it is possible that a sacrifice so deplorable and so palpably to Japan's loss rests on no stronger or higher ground than a giddy aspiration to ape, even to the bitter end, the pomps and fashions of the West? It is a habit in certain quarters to speak of the Japanese as a nation of children, always thirsting after some new toy. Yet that character will hardly be assigned to Count Ito, even by the most reckless of censors. And Count Ito it undoubtedly was who advised the Empress to inaugurate the new movement.

Misky.

Misky was the name of a pet bear which some Russian officers presented to Dr. Guillemand, when that gentleman was cruising, on board the *Marchesa*, in the waters around Kamchatka. He was not fully grown at the time, but he had developed a capacity for mischief that entitled him to the consideration which a bear receives. It is a satisfaction to learn that he was shipped to England, and found a new home in the Zoological Gardens.

Misky, though a great favorite with every one, was perhaps not altogether a source of unmixed pleasure to us. To an unsuspecting visitor, the sight of him bearing down at a loose trot to investigate matters was anything but comforting, and it was in vain for us to tell our guests that it was "only his fun."

A gallant lieutenant coming on board one day in full dress proved too great a temptation for Bruin, who immediately seized him by the coat-tails. It was found impossible to make the bear let go until the discomfited officer had reduced himself to his shirt-sleeves, when, delighted with his success, the offender shuffled off.

He was apparently almost indifferent to pain. A smell of burning being one day discovered forward, one of the crew proceeded to investigate the cause, and found Misky standing upright on the top of a nearly red-hot stove, engaged in stealing cabbages from a shelf above.

He was growling in an undertone, and standing first on one leg and then on the other, but he nevertheless went on slowly eating, heedless of the fact that the soles of his feet were burnt entirely raw.

SQUAW CREEK.

BY ANNA CARRIE PRITCHARD.

Fits the moon's pale beam
Or the rippling stream,
Of meandering Squaw Creek's limpid waters,
Ghosts of fogs arise,
Low the night-wind sighs,
Linger here the wraiths of nature's dusky
daughters?

Wait, as twilight fades,
Dark-eyed Indian maids,
For their lovers from the chase returning?
Gilds the swift canoe
Or the waves' bright flow,
Flashing back the glow of wigwam fires
burning?

Come fierce-visaged braves,
From forgotten graves,
Nightly seeking vanished council fires?
Sing their death-songs low,
Chiefs whose spirits go
To the happy hunting-grounds, where roam
their sires?

Thus, as night's shades fall,
Seem at fancy's call,
Scenes of other days before my vision coming;
As, in murmurings low,
Tales of "long ago,"
Tells the stream at mystic hour of gloaming.

Vanished every trace
Of a vanished race,
Sweet away by time's effacing finger;
Indian squaws and braves
Fill forgotten graves,
Legends only, of their tribe, in mem'ry linger.

Where the wolf's dread howl
And the panther's growl
Made discordant music near the forest,
Peaceful herds now graze,
Fields of tasseled maize
Yield unto the husbandman a golden harvest.

Where the red-man's spear
Felled the agile deer,
By the stream of Squaw Creek's whispering
waters,
Gleams the reaper's blade,
Walk, in the twilight's shade,
With their lovers, Avon's beauteous daughters.

A MODERN MAGDALEN.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER FROM BYWATER PARK.

AND will I blow out my
brains with a pistol,
too?" asks Loo innocently. "If you can't
live without money,
can I?"

Her father again eyes
the few remaining bills
in his purse, glances wistfully at his
daughter and says peevishly:
"You shall be married Loo, before
the year is out."

A curious smile flits about her
mouth.

"My opportunities for match-making
being so very excellent, it is a wonder
that I am still in the market," she says
lightly and scornfully.

Bolton ignores this sarcasm, and
again buries his nose in his novel.

Some seconds elapse.
Loo rises, goes to the door and gives
the maid the money for which she has
been waiting outside, then returns to
her chair.

The thick, yellow envelope lies un-
opened on the table.

Loo picks it up, examines the seal,
furtively tries the point of a pin along
the edge of the flap, and again calls
out to her father, "You haven't read
your letter."

Inwardly anathemizing the corres-
pondent, whoever he, or she, may be,
he takes the unwelcome epistle, and
tears it open.

As he breaks the seal, Loo rises and



The unwelcome epistle.

peeps mischievously over her father's
shoulder at the contents of the missive,
whose advent is to change the tenor of
her whole life:

BYWATER PARK, March 21, 18—

Nephew Bolton:
Do not deceive yourself upon the receipt of
this letter, and imagine I have restored you
again to favor. For such is not the case. As
I told you I would do, many years ago. My
will is made, cutting you off from inheriting
anything of mine; and I shall not change that
will. You are a sad dog with money, and I
hope to see you a sadder one without it. As
you know, I am growing old—56 next May—
and I feel the need of having young people
about me. You have a daughter; you are
poor, and without health. Very well. In your
circumstances girls are luxuries to be dis-
pensing with.

My proposal is this: To take your girl and
give her a home, in return for which she shall
live for me, sing, talk, and otherwise amuse
me. If she comes, I will also give her a small
salary—the money to be paid to you for her
services—not to her. By this, you are not to
infer that I will leave her any money at my
death, or you either, for I will not. Let me
know if I am to expect her, and if so—when?
Your aunt,
EVELYN DUNDAS.

Mr. Bolton fetches a long breath.
"It is a perfect godsend," he says
after a moment, "a perfect godsend."

Loo colors violently.

"How glad you are to be rid of me."

"Not glad to be rid of you. But glad
that so good a home is offered for your
acceptance. You will be clothed and
sheltered far better than I can do it.

In these fifth-rate boarding houses to
which our poverty condemns us, you
can have no opportunity to better your
condition or to see anything of life."

Loo sniffs. Then she feels ashamed
of her emotion, and as a subterfuge she
falls to work upon the thick envelope,
and delivers a sharp criticism on the
crabbed chirography.

Bolton hears her patiently.
Then he makes some calculations with
a pencil on a sheet of paper, and he
says presently, in the most matter-of-
fact way imaginable:

"You'll need to make a few purchases
in the morning. It will reduce the re-
maining surplus in my pocketbook, but
you can make it up again after you go
to Bywater Park."

"It is settled then that I'm to go?"

"By all means. Yes. Barely fifty
dollars remain in the purse, and when
that is gone, I don't know where more
is to come from. Get yourself ready
for the journey, for I shall telegraph
your aunt what day she may look for
you."

Loo sniffs audibly now, and with no
attempt at concealment.

"What—tears!" exclaims Bolton, in
surprise. "Why you have no idea of
the heavenly place Bywater Park really
is. I haven't seen it for twenty years,
but they tell me it is just the same as
of old. It will be like going to heaven
to live—exactly."

"But when—when one has lived so
long—in the other place," sobs poor
Loo, flinging her pocket handkerchief
over her streaming eyes, "and has grown
used to it, and knows no better way, it
—it seems hard to be so—so suddenly
transplanted. I know I'd enjoy living
in—in heaven. Only, I'd like to go
there by degrees, and—sort of get
used to the change before I arrived;
instead of going all—a of a sudden
like this."

Her father smiles at this naive
confession, the sentiment is so very un-
orthodox. But it is like Loo, who is
unlike any other person in the world.

"The thought of having done your
duty will help you to bear the separation
from me," he says at last. "Think,
Loo, what this offer means for us both.
A home for you and a certain support
for me; for you will not need the salary
Aunt Dundas speaks of. Without it,
without her offer, what would become
of us? I only see the almshouse in the
distance."

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH INTRODUCES MY LADY.



HE train was a long one.
The coaches are already full
to overflowing as the bell
rings and the engine comes
to a brief halt at a wayside
platform in the very heart
of an open prairie. Every-
body looks expectantly for
everybody else to leave his
or her seat; but as nobody makes his
or her exit, the passengers groan with
inward dismay and vexation as the
possibility of a fresh influx of people
dawns upon the mind.

Heads pop out of the windows, eyes
sweep anxiously up and down the open
prospect. An audible sigh of relief
surges through the crowded train, as
one figure only is espied upon the plat-
form outside.

A young lady attired in mourning
takes her place in the cars, and every-
body draws a long breath, as at some
danger that is either passed or averted.
Each passenger secretly determines in
his own mind to resist every effort of
the conductor tending toward "mov-
ing up a little." And with one accord
each and all stare hard at the new-
comer.

She endures the ordeal of the eyes
gracefully.

Chaperoned by the urbane ticket-
taker, she passes slowly through the
different coaches in search of a seat.

The lady is young, handsome. But
nobody rises to make way for her. The
conductor grows savage. He elbows
the fortunate possessors of seats; he
pushes them about roughly—bullies
them. All to no purpose, however.
The fact remains that the train is al-
ready too full of people. Nobody con-
sents to make room for the lady, for
the simple reason that there is no room
to spare.

The conductor becomes pitiless. He
drops mysterious and scathing insinua-
tions derogatory to nineteenth century
gallantry. Insinuates that in this grace-
less age of progress gentlemen are
"few in number and difficult to find,"
and adds injury to insult by italicizing
"gentlemen."

But nobody resents it; evidently no-
body hears. Perhaps his audience had
suddenly grown deaf to suit the occa-
sion. The lady whimpers:

"It is really of no consequence.
I can stand."

But the conductor's blood is up. He
glares furiously at the shining row of
bald heads in front of him.

But, bless you! the bald heads don't
mind it; not a bit.

"Madam, you shall not stand," he
says savagely. "In the next car per-
haps we may be more successful."

They proceed in state to the rear
coach, the conductor leading the way
with a great show of gallantry, the lady
following.

Alas! Here they meet with the same
result. "The coach seems to be full,"
says the conductor, evincing disappoint-
ment.

"The coach is full," assents a tipsy
passenger, who is trying to preserve
his equilibrium on the wood-box in the
corner. "The coach is full; fact is,
everybody's full—everybody."

Somebody snickered. The conduc-
tor bit his lip. The lady blushed. But
a very old man in a threadbare suit of
clothes now rises slowly.

"The lady can have my place."

She drops into the seat without a
word of thanks to the old man, but she

smiles very sweetly, indeed, up into the
face of the conductor.

The conductor, glad that she is set-
tled at last, marches away, and with
him goes the old man into the smoking-
car. When they are gone my lady
turns about and scrutinizes the face of
the girl who is to be her companion in
the seat.

It was a bright face, framed in a lit-
tle cottage bonnet, whose drab veil was
folded decorously across the brow, and
crossing behind, the ends were brought
in front and tied in a snug and dimpled
chignon. A cheerful spirit looked up at
the new-comer from the violet eyes in
the becoming bonnet.

"Let us simplify matters at once,"
says she of the bonnet, "by introduc-
ing ourselves and becoming acquaint-
ed. I am Miss Lafarge, going to live
with my forty-third cousin at Stubble-
field. This is my first journey, and I
am perishing for someone to talk with.
The old gentleman who has just gone
was a stranger to me. So, of course, I
could not talk to him."

"Gentleman," ejaculates the new-
comer, who, curiously enough, entirely
forgets, or refrains from following the
example of the other, and keeps her
name and her intended destination a
secret to herself; "I hope you don't call
him a gentleman. Did you see his
shabby clothing?"

A shadow falls upon Miss Lafarge's
expressive face. The next instant Miss
Lafarge laughs softly, saying:

"Do you know—I have absurd
notions about what it takes to consti-
tute a gentleman. With me, the ques-
tion of what is on the body is of less
moment than what is in it, and the mo-
tives which actuate the behavior. Really,
I thought him—pardon me, I
still think him—a gentleman."

Now the new-comer laughs, softly, to
be sure, and musically, too. But she
laughs in a way that shows she does
not share the absurd opinion of the
other. Then she opens a tiny lunch-
box which she has carried in her hand,
takes therefrom a slice of cake, a tiny
bottle of wine, and a tinier glass to sip
it from, and proceeds to make herself
comfortable. "It was so early when I
left home this morning, that I could
eat little or no breakfast before setting
out on my journey," she says apologeti-
cally; "so I brought a lunch along, and I
find that a jaunt of fifteen miles across
a windy prairie has given me an appe-
tite for eating. Will you have a bit
with me?"

Miss Lafarge accepts the invitation
as frankly as it is given. The two ladies
are soon chatting volubly over the re-
spective merits of the cake and wine,
and time flies.

Like some great smoking monster,
the train goes sweeping along over the
level reaches of the prairie, through
the deep cuts in the sandy hills. On,
and on, and on, and on.

Miss Lafarge has had time to chatter
into the ear of her companion every
thought she ever had. They have dis-
cussed dispassionately the various
merits of crewel work and Kensington
stitch. They both agree in think-
ing Howell an overrated man. And,
after a bit, both pause, as if by mutual
consent, and there is a lull in the con-
versation.

Still the train rushes along madly,
for miles and miles, for hours and
hours.

The lady in black stares blankly out
of the window. On the contrary, Miss
Lafarge composes herself for a nap.
She shuts her eyes and dozes. Worse,
she even snores. Her companion turns
finally a glance of contempt on the
quiet face at her side.

"What does she know of life and its
possibilities?" muttered the lady in
black. "Lafarge, you are a baby; an
inane, insipid baby." This, with a
tightening of the lips across the white
teeth, and a gleam of something like
fury in the handsome eyes.

The lady in black suddenly puts her
face down close to her sleeping com-
panion. Her eyes shine with a wicked
triumph, her teeth gleam. She looks
as if she were going to bite. She is
going to bite. She draws still nearer,
the beautiful scarlet lips are smiling.
Miss Lafarge moves uneasily in her
sleep. The handsome, wicked face—
for it is devilish in its expression now—
is close to that of her intended victim.

Miss Lafarge suddenly opens her
eyes wide. She gasps, springs to her
feet.

A tremor seizes upon the lady in
black. She shrinks, pales, grasps the
back of the seat with both her hands.

A shiver runs through the train.

"What is it," cries Miss Lafarge,
wildly.

"Nothing," is the cold reply. "Be
quiet. You have been asleep, and have
wakened suddenly."

"I felt as if something was going to
happen," says Miss Lafarge, putting
her hand to her head, "something ter-
rible."

Even as she speaks there is a crash.
The coaches rock and reel; they rise
in air; they topple. The next instant,
engine, cars, and all on board go crash-
ing to destruction through a rotten
railroad bridge.

For a moment, dreadful silence
reigns. Then the air resounds with
the shrieks and groans of the wounded
and dying.

Smoke and steam and flames rise up
from the shattered coaches, which are
piled in shapeless heaps on the floor of
the gully beneath the broken bridge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Somerset correspondent says:
"The ground has got so warm during
the hot spell that the cows are giving
boiled milk and the mushrooms are
coming up in the pastures ready
stewed." And yet the ambition of that
young man is to get a reporter's place
on a religious paper.—Fall River Ad-
vance.

The Capital of Canada.

Ottawa was fixed on by the Queen as
the site of the capital of the new united
province of Canada. Quebec, Mon-
treal, Kingston, and Toronto put in their
claims, and the contest was peculiarly
keen between Upper and Lower Canada,
as the position of the capital would in-
volve at least the temporary predomi-
nance of the English or French ele-
ment. The Queen, to whom the ques-
tion was referred as being too difficult
and delicate for provincial solution,
preferred Ottawa, to the disapproval of
course of every one of the other can-
didates, and to the general surprise of
Canada. Ottawa has but lately emerged
into notice from the obscure name of
Bytown; it is the smallest of all the
competitors, having only 15,000 inhabi-
tants, and is far removed from the great
thoroughfare of traffic in the valley of
the St. Lawrence. The reasons that
seemed to have influenced the Queen's
counselors were these—all the other
candidates were decidedly either in
Upper or Lower Canada, but Ottawa is
on the boundary of both provinces, the
river Ottawa forming a marked division
between the French and English popu-
lations. It was therefore a compro-
mise, if left to themselves, might have
pushed the case to a disruption. In
case of war, moreover, Ottawa is farther-
est removed from the frontier of the
United States, and is susceptible of be-
ing strongly fortified. Although in a
part of the country that has not yet
been fully opened up, it has a great ex-
tent of the very best land around it,
and needs only some stimulus to become
a thriving and populous center.

The city of Ottawa, like the country
of which it is capital, is to be judged
more by its future than its present.
There are many inhabitants in it older
than its first house, and I have con-
versed with a good old lady who lived
two months on the site of the Parlia-
ment House, in a hut with a barrel for
a chimney. All was then unbroken
forest, and she had to wait these two
months till a road could be cut to her
husband's concession twenty miles off.
Even now the primitive pine groves
and cedar thickets can be seen close at
hand, seals are seen disporting them-
selves in the river, and a fox who com-
mits nightly depredations on the poultry
has his headquarters beneath the
Parliament House, and defies dislodg-
ment. The town is already stretching
out around, occupying at least three
times the space that would be allotted
to the inhabitants of the old country.

Broad rectangular streets run far out
into the country, many of them marked
by two or three houses, some by none,
but all appearing duly completed in the
map. A good arrangement this, so far
as light and air are concerned, when
the sun is in the sky, but rather incon-
venient when night comes into the ques-
tion, and rain or thaw sets in. Light-
ing and paving then are felt to be at
discount, or, if attempted on a comfort-
able scale, the pockets of the taxpayers
feel the burden. It is doubtless this
circumstance that makes the local taxes
in American towns a more serious item
than the contributions to the general
revenue. Other things in Ottawa have
commenced on a large scale. The
hotels are metropolitan in size and ap-
pearance, and several daily papers wage
fierce warfare with each other. In re-
gard, however, to these matters, hotels
and newspapers, Ottawa is not dis-
tinguished from Canadian towns of the
same size. A stranger cannot under-
stand how such large hotels can be sup-
ported in small towns, with no great
influx of visitors, and yet they seem to
get along and prosper. The system of
boarding, instead of living in their own
houses, seems to be that which supports
many of them, although in Canada this
does not prevail to anything like the
same extent as in the States. As to
the daily papers, not much that is
eulogistic can be said. They are
meager in general news, and pervaded
by a bitter spirit of personal attack,
that is happily disappearing from the
old country.—Rev. John Ker, D. D.

The Fateful Message.

In the winter of 1881 a member of
Congress from a Pennsylvania district
was in despair. He had failed of a re-
nomination. He was in debt, though a
man of good habits. The future looked
black to him. During the six years he
had served in Congress he had lost his
law practice and he regarded those
years as worse than thrown away. He
had got to begin all over again, and
burdened, too, with debt. One evening
as he sat brooding in despair a telegram
came. He opened it perfunctorily. It
contained these words:

"You have been nominated by the
Republican caucus for United States
Senator, to succeed Senator Wallace."

Nomination meant election, and Mr.
Mitchell was sure of being a United
States Senator. Yet he hesitated. He
did not see that it meant anything more
than staying off for six years his trou-
ble, and if he had had a dollar in the
world he would have declined the nomi-
nation. But he was compelled to accept
the office because it meant an income.
The six years have gone and Mr. Mitchell
is out of public life. But he has bettered
but slightly his condition, and he has
always felt that he would have done
well had he followed his impulse when
he read that telegram.—N. Y. Mail.

Gipsy Proverbs.

Those are the fattest fishes which
fall back from the line into the water.
It is not good to choose women or
cloth by candle-light.

What is the use of a kiss unless there
be two to divide it?

Who has got luck need only sit at
home with his mouth open.

Who wants to steal potatoes must not
forget the sack.

Two hard stones do not grind small.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

RECENT investigations have dispelled
the common belief that freezing puri-
fies water.

AN ink that will write on glass is
made from ammonium fluoride dis-
solved in water and mixed with three
times its weight of barium sulphate.

By careful experiments M. Bloch has
determined that it takes 1.72 of a sec-
ond longer to hear a sound than to see
a sight, and 1.21 of a second longer to
feel a touch than to see a sight.

CHEMICAL decomposition has been
produced by pressure in the experi-
ments of two Belgian chemists. Under
a pressure of 6,000 atmospheres, at a
temperature of 104 degrees, a pulver-
ized acetate of copper and lime was
slowly liquefied, and on removal of the
pressure the surface of the instrument
in contact with the salt was coated with
copper.

A VALUABLE practical fact receives
additional support from experiments
on the influence of sunshine upon the
vitality of the germs of microbes as
conducted by M. E. Duclaux. He cul-
tivated *Typhosus scaber* in milk and
Liebig's extract, and found that the
light of the sun is fifty times more de-
structive than its heat, thus fully con-
firming its hygienic properties.

A THEORY of solution has been
brought forward by Mr. W. W. Nicol,
of the Royal Society, Edinburgh. So-
lution of a salt in a liquid results from
the attraction of the molecules of the
liquid for a molecule of the salt exceed-
ing the attraction of the molecules of
the salt for one another. Saturation
ensues when these attractions are bal-
anced. The theory explains variation
of solubility with rise of temperature.

M. MANDIN, a distinguished natural-
ist, tells the French Academy of Sci-
ence that severe earthquake phenom-
ena only occur in districts destitute of
forest growth which might serve to dis-
charge the atmospheric electricity. Earth-
quake phenomena he therefore
attributes to the resistance offered by
the earth's crust to the electricity gen-
erated in the globe itself. Whether
these facts accord with those in associa-
tion with American experiences, we
are not prepared to state.

PROF. HARVEY W. WILEY has been
long in the employ of the Agricultural
Department at Washington, endeavoring
to master the whole subject of
sugar from sorghum. He concludes
that the formation of sucrose by the
plant is only an accidental or adventi-
tious process, and only occurs from
waste material. He concludes from
this fact that sugar from sorghum will
never be an industry that any one can
long engage in, as the results will be
more or less accidental. Sometimes
plants may yield a good percentage of
sugar, at other times none at all.

It has been laid down by M. Chev-
reul that the human eye cannot be
long employed in the perception of a
given color without tending to become
insensible and to arouse an impression
similar to that ordinarily produced by
the perception of white light. Dr.
Beclard has also noticed that when the
eye is directed for a time upon a col-
ored field, the other eye being closed,
if the eye which was open be in turn
closed and the other opened a speck of
the complementary color will be per-
ceived; thus, if the right eye has ob-
served a red disk, the left being shut,
a reversal of this state of things would
result in the perception of a green
disk by the freshly opened left eye. In
virtue of the same property of the eye,
when two tints are placed beside each
other the nearest edge of the one will
appear as though deprived of all the
colored rays which it may have in com-
mon with the other. Analogous effect
is produced with grays non-colored,
that is to say, formed simply of white
and black.

A Glimpse at Thackeray's Religion.

And is W. Bullar going to work upon
you with his "simple mysticism?" I
don't know about the Unseen World;
the use of the seen world is the right
thing I'm sure!—is just as much God's
world and creation as the Kingdom of
Heaven with all the angels. How will
you make yourself most happy in it?
how secure at least the greatest amount
of happiness compatible with your con-
dition? by despising to-day, and looking
up cloudward? Pish. Let us turn God's
to-day to its best use, as well as any
other part of the time He gives us.
When I am on a cloud a-singing, or a
pot boiling—I will do my best, and if
you are ill, you can have consolations;
if you have disappointments, you can
invent fresh sources of hope and pleas-
ure. I'm glad you saw the Crowses,
and that they gave you pleasure—and
that noble poetry of Alfred's gives you
pleasure (I'm happy to say ma'am I've
said the very same thing in prose that
you like—the very same words almost).
The bounties of the Father I believe to
be countless and inexhaustible for most
of us in life; love the greatest. Art
(which is an exquisite and admiring
sense of nature) the next—by Jove!
I'll admire, if I can, the wing of a cock-
sparrow as much as the pinion of an
archangel; and adore God the Father
of the earth, first; waiting for the com-
pletion of my senses, and fulfillment of
His intentions towards me afterwards,
when this scene closes over us. So
when Bullar turns up his i to the ceil-
ing, I'll look straight at your dear, kind
face and thank God for knowing that,
my dear; and though my nose is a
broken pitcher, yet, lo and behold
there's a well gushing over with kind-
ness in my heart where my dear lady
may come and drink. God bless you—
and William and little Magdalene.—
"Unpublished letters of Thackeray,"
in Scribner's Magazine.

A MAN named Plato has a cottage at
Saratoga.

A HARBOR OF REST

FOR THE WEARY PRESIDENT FOUND
AT VILAS' HOME.

The Pump-Handle Process Proves Too
Fatiguing and Mr. Cleveland Gives Up
—The Farewell at Milwaukee—Official
Dinner with the Postmaster General—A
Collegiate Interruption.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 8.—Another fine day
was supplied by the clerk of the weather Fri-
day for the benefit of the presidential party,
and the people of Milwaukee were early astrid
to get a farewell sight of the parting guests
and speed them on their way. In fact, it
looked as though the whole city had gone
down to the Plankinton house to call on the
distinguished couple when at 8:30 the presi-



CAPITOL AT MADISON.

dent and Mrs. Cleveland stepped into a car-
riage for a drive to the soldiers' home, es-
corted by the reception committee.

When the cavalcade arrived at the Sol-
diers' home the maimed veterans were drawn
in line, and saluted the president and his wife
as they drove down the line and about the
grounds, the cannon on the greensward boom-
ing forth the presidential salute. The time
left before the departure of the train was so
brief that no stop was made, and the car-
riages drove very rapidly through the south
side of the city and up into the resi-
dence portion of the Seventh ward to
Lake park, where the handsome driveway
led down to the Northwestern station. A
large crowd had congregated about the deco-
rated pavilion on the platform for fully an
hour before the distinguished party arrived,
and when the president's carriage came into
view it was greeted with a round of cheers,
which was continued until the train left the
station, half an hour late, a delay caused by
the apparent wish of Milwaukee to show the
president and wife the whole of the city and
its 200,000 people.

Life on the special train has now settled
into a home-like routine, deliciously restful,
after the round of surprises and excitements
at the city stopping-places. The rumble of
the wheels, the gentle swaying of the cars,
the flying panorama of forests, fields and
hamlets, even the saluting toot and hubbub
of passing trains, have grown to be, for the
travelers, among the normal conditions of
life; while the descents to terra firma and the
hotel experiences are its passing episodes and
incidents.

The lost time was made up before the spe-
cial arrived here. The run was without in-
cident, but was thoroughly enjoyable, the
lake and hillside scenery of this fertile re-
gion having at this season a charm equaling
that of Italy at her best. The population of
the well-kept villages along the route made
their appearance at the stations, and lustily
cheered the president and his wife, while in
several places elaborate preparations in the
way of evergreen adornments were noted.

The entire population of Madison, rein-
forced by thousands from a distance, was in
waiting at the station and gave the military
and the large force of special police a vig-
orous tussle to keep a way free for the pas-
sage of the visitors to their carriages. The pre-
sident was escorted to the state capitol by a
long procession of carriages and military,
and was welcomed on behalf of the state of
Wisconsin and its people by Chief Justice
Cole.

At 9 o'clock, when President Cleveland
made his speech, there was on the platform
with him Mrs. Cleveland, Postmaster Gen-
eral William F. Vilas, Governor J. M. Rusk,
Chief Justice Orasmus Cole, Gen. David
Atwood, Mayor James Conklin, ex-Mayor
Breese, J. Stevens and others. At exactly
1:56 p. m. Mr. Stevens stepped forward and
waved his hand for silence. When all was
still the university battalion, 200 strong, gave
their college yell in thunderous tone, then
settled down as innocently as though oblivious
that they had made a demonstration not on
the programme. The incident was enjoyed by
all, the president himself straining his
neck to catch a glimpse of the vociferous
college boys. The president spoke easily and
distinctly, his voice being clearly heard by
all within a radius of 200 feet of the stand.

Mr. Cleveland began by stating that he
and his wife had arrived at the capital of
Wisconsin tired, but not so tired as to deprive
themselves of the pleasure of greeting its
people. He then said that though he saw the
Madisonians at home for the first time, they
were not entirely unknown. "We know you
at the seat of the national government
through your fellow-townsmen, who has
done honor to his home and to his neigh-
bors by a most successful and conscientious
performance of important public duties, and
who has earned as he has received the respect
and esteem of every citizen who desires the
welfare of his country." He then said that
when he determined to come west he had
fixed upon Madison in his mind as a good
place to stop and rest, and had arrived here
just about tired enough to make the rest
pleasant. He closed with a few words of
graceful compliment to the place and people
and surrounding scenery.

The president was loudly cheered at the
close of his address, and in response to calls
Mrs. Cleveland arose from the chair she had
been occupying at the right of the president's
seat and smiled graciously on the enthusiastic
multitude, which showed its appreciation by
a vociferous hurrah.

There were calls for Postmaster General
Vilas, but no time could be spared for
further speech-making, and the party
hastened into the capitol for the reception.
The president's hand was swollen when the
public reception opened in the rotunda
of the capitol, and as strong "badgers"
grasped it with the vigor of good
health the owner was noticed
to wince perceptibly. He looked weary, and
alternately shifted from one foot to the other
as he continued to permit himself to be mal-
treated as a human pump. It was a barbar-
ous proceeding. The president finally stepped
back, and afterwards only inclined his head

to the procession, two abreast, passing before
him. Mrs. Cleveland sat by his side in the
meantime. The reception concluded at 4:30,
thousands outside the state house falling out
of ranks when it was heralded that the presi-
dent no longer gave his hand to all.

The president, Postmaster General Vilas,
and Governor Rusk immediately jumped
into a carriage and drove to the grounds
where the county fair was being held. There
they were the interested spectators of a trot-
ting race between horses which could not un-
der any circumstances beat 2:40. But they
seemed to enjoy the outing, all three alight-
ing from the carriage and climbing a per-
pendicular ladder, through an aperture none
too large, to the second story of the judges'
stand. They returned to the postmaster
general's residence at 5:30, from whence
Governor Rusk went home. Mrs. Cleveland
had preceded the president to the Vilas resi-
dence.

The Vilas place presented a grand spectacle
in the evening. The grounds were illuminated
by dozens of gas jets in colored globes, and
decorated with arches and bunting, while the
house was embellished outside with ever-
greens and red, white and blue ribbons, and
inside with flowers and ferns.

In the evening at 7:30 Postmaster General
and Mrs. Vilas gave a dinner exclusively of-
ficial in character in honor of the president
and Mrs. Cleveland. There were present be-
side the president and Mrs. Cleveland, Col.
and Mrs. Vilas and Miss Vilas, Mr. Bissell,
Col. Lamont, Dr. Bryant, Governor and Mrs.
J. M. Rusk, Judge and Mrs. Romanos Bunn,
Postmaster J. C. Gregory, Miss Gregory, and
Chief Justice Orasmus Cole. At the head of
the table sat the president; at his right was
Governor Rusk and at the left Mrs. Vilas.
At the foot was Postmaster General Vilas;
at his right Mrs. Cleveland and at his left
Mrs. Rusk. Next to the last named was
Judge Cole, and then came Miss Vilas
and Dr. Bryant. On the opposite side next
to Mrs. Cleveland sat Judge Bunn, then Miss
Gregory, Mr. Bissell, Mrs. Bunn, Col. La-
mont and Mr. Gregory. The whole contin-
ent as well as Europe had contributed to
the menu. There were blue points from the
Atlantic and venison and bear meat from the
west, while Europe sent its wines. The
dinner over, the company separated, and the
president and wife retired to obtain the
good night's rest which the excitement of the
week had so thoroughly prepared them for.

THE CONVENTION CITY.

NEW YORK TO STRIVE FOR THE RE-
PUBLICAN NATIONAL.

The Committee to Meet Probably Decem-
ber 1—Allison Stirring Up Iowa Repub-
licans—Denise Kearney Still on the Trail
of Ah Sin—Blaine's Standing in Maine
—Political Points.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—In the last Repub-
lican national convention a resolution was
passed directing the national Republican
committee to issue the call for the next con-
vention at least six months in advance of the
time for assembling. This resolution will
force upon the Republicans the necessity of
taking the initiative next year, and will
leave the Democrats the choice of holding
their convention before or after the Repub-
lican convention. If the convention is held
in June of next year the call must be issued
in December. Steps have been taken already
to call the committee together. Secretary
Fossenden has addressed a circular to each
member of the committee, asking an
expression of opinion as to the best
time and place of holding the meeting.
It is probable that the committee will
be called together either in New York or
Washington about the 1st of December. It
has been generally thought that Chicago
would be the place of holding the conven-
tion, but there is some discussion among
New York politicians whether they will not
ask the committee to call the convention
either in this city or at Saratoga. The argu-
ment for this course would be that New
York is considered the pivotal and im-
portant state of next year's election, the holding
of the convention in this state would give
much assistance to the party here. Eastern
politicians understand that the south and
west would like the convention held at Chi-
cago and may combine to take it there. The
influence of the friends of candidates may
also have much to do in affecting the final
decision.

SENATOR ALLISON TALKS POLITICS.

A General Criticism of the Work of the
Democratic Administration.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Oct. 8.—Senator All-
ison spoke to the Republicans of this section
Friday for over two hours. The opera house
was densely crowded, and his audience was
both enthusiastic and attentive. After a
few words with reference to the necessity of
political parties in a free government, the
senator said the coming election would de-
cide the choice of a United States senator to
succeed Senator Wilson, and "if we are Re-
publicans and believe in Republican ascend-
ancy we can not afford to let the election go
by without giving the party our most earnest
support."

He eulogized Governor Larrabee, saying
that he had given to the office a diligence,
fidelity, and intelligence rarely shown, and
his name must be added to the long line of
able governors. Democrats criticize our
manner of controlling the liquor law, said
he, but the party is only carrying out the
wishes of the people. The party is still
stronger in the face of prohibition than it was
in 1882.

The inter-state commerce and tariff laws
were dealt with at length, and considerable
time was devoted to the discussion of railway
grants. Mr. Cleveland was elected by assaults
made upon the Republican party, he said. We
were charged with extravagance in public
expenditures, of being controlled by the
money power, hoarding money away, and to
credit the debt party in the interest of the
creditor. Instead of reducing the surplus
they have increased it. Instead of abolishing
offices they have increased them, and in many
cases have increased the wages paid. There
has been no reform in the civil service, and
there is now in the departments at Wash-
ington an organization for the promotion of the
interests of Democracy.

He closed his address by severely criticis-
ing Mr. Cleveland for his numerous vetoes
of pension bills, saying that soldiers are en-
titled to the benefactions of the republic
without counting the cost in money.

Denise Kearney on a Tour.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—The celebrated Denise
Kearney, of San Francisco, passed through
this city Friday, and after a vain attempt to
see the Anarchist prisoners—being refused
admission to the jail—he thus talked to a re-
porter:

"Oh, I'm everywhere. I shall remain in
Chicago but a few hours this time, as I am
on my way to New York to open my lecture
tour. I'm going to arouse the eastern cities
on the Chinese question, and before I have
finished I intend to start the ball a-rolling in
Canada. The anti-Chinese war is raging on
the Pacific coast as it never has before. It is
the only formidable question that labor has
to contend with to-day. The Chinese have
thrown thousands of Americans out of work,
and they still continue to come by the ship-
load. The Chinese law is a dead letter."

Continuing he said the Chinese question
would never develop another political party,
as the Democracy would espouse the cause
against Ah Sin and bring the whole Pacific
coast into line. Regarding President Cleve-
land he said he would support him in '88:
"If he continues as he has so far. If to-day
were election day he would carry California
and all the rest of the Pacific states. You see,
we are just exactly where we were twenty
years ago. It has been a great back-set and
is all due to judicial corruption."

Returning to the Anarchists he said:
"I know Parsons and I feel sorry for him.
I argued with him three years ago and tried
to get him to change his course. There is
this difference between us: I believe the peo-
ple are their own oppressors and that their
hope is in the ballot. Parsons and his friends
advocate violence. I should like to see his
sentence commuted."

The Gotham Election Inspectors.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—The general term
supreme court listened to argument Friday
by counsel for the United Labor, Progressive
Labor and Irving Hall parties, as to which is
entitled to additional inspectors of election.
An amended return was made by counsel for
Police commissioners Porter and Voorhis stat-
ing that their reason for failing to ratify
Commissioner McClave's appointment of
United Labor inspectors was that in their
opinion that party is not the one which cast
68,000 votes for Henry George last year;
also that the swearing in of inspectors by
Chief O'Brien, of the election bureau, was
illegal. Counsel for the United Labor party
said there could be no doubt that his party
represented the George vote. He admitted
that the swearing in of the inspectors was
without authority. He had advised against it,
but that act did not affect the right of the
United Labor party to have inspectors leg-
ally appointed by the board. The court re-
served their decision until Monday.

Not At All Unanimous for Blaine.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 8.—A gentleman
who has recently traveled pretty extensively
in Massachusetts, and who is familiar with
the politics of that state, says that there is a
very marked diminution in the enthusiasm
for Blaine among the old Republican leaders,
and a disposition to look for some other can-
didate. This is due in some degree to a desire
and expectation on the part of these leaders
that with some other candidate than Blaine
it might be possible to secure the return to
the Republican party of some of the inde-
pendent voters. They know that it will be
utterly impossible to do this with Blaine.

The Jurists and Women Suffrage.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—At the woman suf-
frage party's headquarters Friday legal opin-
ions were made public from ex-Chief Justice
Greene, of Washington territory; ex-Chief
Justice McCurdy, of Connecticut; ex-Chief
Justice Cole, of Iowa; ex-Judge Waite, of
Chicago; ex-Judge Culver, of Brooklyn, and
other equally distinguished lawyers, fully en-
dorsing Mr. Hamilton Wilcox's claim that
women are legally entitled to vote.

Fred Douglass Invited to New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Frederick Douglass
has been invited to come to New York to as-
sist in the speaking canvass for Col. Fred
Grant.

IDEAS OF THE MINORITY.

McClernand and Carlton, of the Utah
Commission, Give Their Views.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 8.—A. B. Carlton
and John A. McClernand, the minority of
the Utah commissioners, have submitted their
report to the secretary of the interior. This
action is taken, as they state, because of
their disagreement with the majority report,
particularly as regards its general animus
and tone—the propriety of introducing theo-
logical discussions into a secular document.
In support of this view the report quotes
Madison as saying that "religion or the duty
we owe the Creator is not within the province
of civil government." Jefferson is quoted to
the same effect.

Churches and creeds, says the report, are
subject to the laws of evolution, and Mor-
monism must yield to the inexorable logic of
civilization. Polygamous marriages are be-
coming less frequent. No polygamous voter
holds office or sits on a jury. Considering
these facts and the importance of continuing
the power of congress over the subject of
polygamy and of relieving the power from
any question, they recommend the adoption of
an amendment to the constitution prohibiting
the institution or the practice of polygamy in
any form in the states or territories or other
places over which the United States have ex-
clusive jurisdiction. Such an amendment
would put an end to special and provisional
legislation upon a disturbing question. It
would stand as a solemn and deliberate
verdict of the American people against the
practice of polygamy either as a social insti-
tution or religious rite, and would serve as a
rampart for the protection of monogamy—the
bedrock of American and European
civilization—against an Asiatic vice.

Couldn't Stand Being Found Out.

READING, Pa., Oct. 8.—John M. Keine, a
wealthy farmer of Lobsachville, this county,
committed suicide Thursday night by shoot-
ing himself in the head. Deceased was in-
dicted at the last term of court on a charge
of defrauding a bank out of \$700, and it is
supposed that this trouble led him to take his
life.

Lucky Pickup at Sea.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Oct. 8.—The schooner
Peregrine White, while off Cape Sable re-
cently, picked up a large grayish mass which
a chemist in this city pronounced to be am-
bergris. The specimen weighs 125 pounds
and is worth \$30 an ounce, or \$30,000 in all.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

LADIES' FINE FRENCH KID
SHOES.

LADIES' COMMON SENSE SHOES

Misses Shoes.
Boy's Shoes.
Men's Fine Boots
Men's Fine Shoes
Men's Plow Shoes.

All Kinds of Boots and Shoes

Selling at LOWEST PRICES, at

J. B. FARGO'S.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

It will pay you to call and see me before pur-
chasing elsewhere.

Goods Guaranteed to Wear as Represented.

HALEY & DREW,

MAIN ST., DIXON.

North side First Street, Dixon, Ills.

A. L. FISHER,

The reliable

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER!

GALENA STREET.

Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly
done. Give him a trial and be convinced.

J. H. PRATT

HAS A LARGE STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Which he wishes to close out. Call and see
him before purchasing elsewhere.

W. C. CAMPBELL,

Proprietor of

THE LEADING HORSE SHOEING SHOP

IN THE CITY.

FANCY SHOEING A SPECIALTY!

E. J. RYAN,

BAKERY, GROCERY, RESTAURANT,

—AND—

CONFECTIONARY

A fresh supply constantly on hand. My mot-
to: "Equal Dealing to All." First St., Wm.
Smith's Old Stand.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE!

Fine stock of

Horses, Carriages, Buggies.

Sleighs constantly on hand. A Good Horse
for funeral occasions. Telephone 73; Water st

McKENNEY & HACKETT.

KLOSSOWSKI & FRANKS,

DEALERS IN

MILLINERY,

FANCY GOODS, ETC.

Spring and Summer Goods Just Received. Cor-
ner FIRST AND HENNEPIN STREETS.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

—AT—

T. J. Miller's.

JUST + RECEIVED!

A large line of

H
A
T
S
G
U
Y
E
R
H
A
T
S

In the Latest Shapes

Still have a few of those 25 cent
KNEE PANTS left. Call and see.

JAMES. H. TODD

J. V. & J. E. THOMAS

Agents for the

LEADING FIRE,
LIFE AND
ACCIDENT

INSURANCE COMPANIES

Office No. 4, Opera Block,

SECOND FLOOR, - DIXON, ILL.

A Fine New Line

—OF—

Solid and Plated Silver Ware!

JUST RECD.

All goods warranted by the Company to
give full satisfaction, and will be
sold as CHEAP as the

CHEAPEST!

THEO. RUST;

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

KNIGHTLY "KICKERS"

RECEIVE ANOTHER GOING OVER AT THE MINNEAPOLIS ASSEMBLY.

Litchman Has the Same Crow to Pick That Powderly Operated Upon—Too Much Causeless Clamor Against the Heads of the Order—The Loss of Membership and Why—Other Reports.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 8.—Every nook and corner of the numerous ante-rooms connected with Harmonia hall were thoroughly searched Friday morning before the K. of L. assembly opened its fourth day's session, and extra sentinels were placed on the stairways to keep the uninitiated at a distance. The reception accorded Mr. Powderly when he entered was the heartiest he has received during the week, and was taken as an indication that the personal features of his address had created a reaction in his favor.

As soon as the assembly was called to order the New York delegates made a move, that has been a daily affair with them, to expel the stenographer, Rowland, but it failed as usual. Rowland is not a member of the order and is present as assistant to Secretary Litchman.

The first business was the report of Secretary Litchman, and a large portion of it was devoted, as Powderly's had been, to a defense of himself against the attacks of enemies within the order, of which he bitterly complained, declaring that his every movement had been misconstrued, distorted and falsely presented. He had borne all this in silence until he could meet his enemies face to face, and he now proceeded to answer all the charges, as far as he had knowledge of them.

But the most important portion of his report related to the condition of the order as regards membership. On this subject he said that the number of members reported in good standing at the last session of the general assembly was 702,924, and the number of members in arrears 26,753. This made the apparent membership of the order, as then reported, 729,677. The growth of the order in the early part of 1886 was so great that a suspension of initiations for forty days was ordered, but when that time expired the rush began again, and the mass of material added was a weakness rather than an addition to strength. Then after the Richmond convention for six months a general assault on the order through the press was begun and kept up without ceasing. The result was that the total number of members in good standing dropped off by July 1, 1887, to 455,000; add to this 50,000 in arrears and the grand total was 505,000. But to this should be added when known the large accessions since July 1, 1887, when the decrease would be much smaller. It was charged that there had been a great deal of rascality on the part of local secretaries, numbers of whom had obtained the funds voted by their assemblies and failed to remit to headquarters. There was also an astonishing amount of ignorance, as in cases where local officers had carried the postoffice orders about in their pockets for a year, supposing them to be simply receipts and that the postal department had paid over to the general assembly the amount deposited for remittance.

The report went on to recommend the establishment of a co-operative savings association in connection with the order, and the adoption of some sort of regalia to be worn at funerals. Legislation was also recommended making more stringent the prohibition of the use of the name of the order or any of its symbols for business purposes, and placing an effectual boycott upon every article upon which the initials of the order were used without the sanction of the general executive board. Numerous amendments to the constitution were suggested, and the report, which was a very able and comprehensive one, closed with an appeal for a just and fraternal judgment upon the work to which he had devoted years of his life. The secretary was heartily applauded when he resumed his seat.

General Treasurer Frederick Turner next submitted his annual report showing that the gross receipts of the general executive offices in Philadelphia for the year, including a balance carried forward from last year of \$119,915.50, had been \$497,656.08, and the expenditures \$491,083.91, leaving a balance of about \$6,000 in the treasury on July 1. The detailed statement accompanying the report accounted for every penny of the disbursement.

At the afternoon session Mrs. Lenora M. Barry, general investigator of the order, submitted a lengthy report in which she contended that so far that part of the constitution which related to women had been but a mockery, and urged that more thorough educational measures should be adopted in behalf of the weaker sex. Numerous instances of the cruel treatment of women working in manufacturing were cited, and a recommendation was made that undivided attention should be given to the productive and distributive co-operative enterprises, particularly in the manufacture of men's, women's and children's garments.

Next came the report of the co-operative board. It made many valuable suggestions as to the future government of the board, and asked that the board be given power to establish a co-operative agricultural and machinery manufactory to be run on a grand scale. The supposition is that should the convention ratify this recommendation the headquarters of the concern will be in this city and its works adjacent. Another recommendation is to adopt the co-operative farm in Minnesota, in Crow Wing county.

Reports were presented from the committee on education, and the roll was then called for resolutions submitted under seal by the assemblies. Over 100 were handed in and referred to the committee on distribution without debate, and the assembly adjourned for the day.

The Fight Over Saturday Half-Holiday.
NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—The Brass Manufacturers' association has ordered that all members of the Brassmakers' union be locked out, and that the shops remain closed until the men agree not to demand Saturday half-holidays. About 2,000 men are affected. They will be supported by the other unions.

Some More Insubordinate Knights.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 8.—The Knights of Labor assembly No. 70, of shoemakers, has ordered the shoemakers in eight shops who struck Wednesday for a new bill of wages to

go back to work. The men refuse to do so and will probably be expelled from the order.

Supposititious Assets.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 8.—Trustee Merwin, of the insolvent estate of E. S. Wheeler & Co., iron importers, has issued his statement, showing total assets "supposed to be available some time," of \$151,640, and liabilities shown by the books, \$1,251,445.

What Germany Thinks It Was Worth.
PARIS, Oct. 8.—Count Von Munster, German ambassador, called upon M. Florens, foreign minister, Friday, and handed him \$12,500 on behalf of the German government, to indemnify the family of Brignon who was shot by Kauffman at Raon-sur-Plaine.

A HORROR AT HURLEY.

DISCOVERY OF A CASE LIKE THE BENDER MURDERS.

A Hunter's Dog Finds Evidence of a Den of Slaughter—Seven Corpses Dug Out of One Grave on the Site of a Burned Dive Near the Town Limits.

HURLEY, Wis., Oct. 8.—A most horrible discovery has been made in this town of myriad sensations. Seven men have been foully murdered. As has been telegraphed about the country on numerous occasions, Hurley is filled with dives of the lowest character. One of these haunts of infamy was situated upon the brink of a deep ravine just off the main street of the village. It was luckily burned in the big fire and was not rebuilt, and it was near the ruins that the terrible secret was disclosed. Monday two hunters took their guns and started out on a lookout for game. They chose this ravine to commence in, but before they had gone very far on their way they suddenly missed one of their dogs, which for some reason turned home.

At length they heard him giving vent to a prolonged series of howls, and hastened in the direction of the noise. Upon approaching the place their olfactory organs were saluted by a most horrible stench, so terrible that they retraced their steps. They kept whistling and calling to their dog, and at last he followed them, but bringing with him in his mouth a blood-stained and tattered silk cap such as is commonly used by trappers in summer. The fact that there were some tufts of human hair adhering to the jagged rent in the cap, together with their dog's anxiety to return to the spot where he had found the ghastly relic, induced the hunters to trace the dreadful odor and institute search.

They went, and what a sight met their horror-stricken eyes! Right behind the old dance-house, under some rotten logs and a slight covering of earth, they saw the decomposed corpses of seven evidently murdered men. They lay just as their slayers had thrown them, some with gaping wounds, showing that they had fought hard for their lives, while others lay huddled up as if their murderers had done their fiendish work while their victims lay in a drunken stupor. The hunters informed the proper authorities, and an investigation followed, but no clue could be found to the identity of the corpses, which were so decomposed as to be beyond recognition. The fiends that had placed them there had taken good care to rob them of everything. The remains of the seven men were buried in one grave.

Spain, France and Morocco.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—The excitement occasioned by the report of the death of the sultan of Morocco and the departure of French ironclads for the waters of that country is rapidly increasing. Spain seems determined to maintain her prestige in Morocco, and preparations of formidable proportions, which are nothing if not warlike, are being pushed rapidly to completion at the Spanish naval stations and military depots.

The sultan has been succeeded by his 16-year-old son, who took the oath of office over the dead body of his father, and immediately upon assuming the throne appointed his favorite uncle grand vizier.

In Favor of Prisoners' Pensions.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 8.—The New England survivors of southern military prisons held their annual meeting here Friday. It was the largest and most enthusiastic since the society was organized, and included veterans from every state in New England. It was voted as the sense of this association that the sufferings of the union prisoners of war and the diseases contracted while in prison should be recognized by congress, and that this association indorse the action taken by the National Association of Union Ex-Prisoners of the War at the national encampment of the G. A. R., in reference to pensions.

A Village President and Son in Quod.

SKANEATELES, N. Y., Oct. 8.—W. G. Ellery and his son Frank were arrested Thursday afternoon for public intoxication by Officer Wilson and taken before Justice Knox. Wilson said that the prisoners were both intoxicated at the time he arrested them, and the justice gave them the choice of paying \$10 or going to jail for ten days. They accepted the latter. Mr. Ellery is president of this village. The father and son were taken to the penitentiary.

Bicyclers Race for Record.

LYNN, Mass., Oct. 8.—William A. Rowe, of Lynn, and Horace D. Crocker, of Newton, members the Columbia Bicycle team, started in a 100 mile race Friday for record. Crocker withdrew after making ten miles. Rowe covered only forty-six miles owing to a heavy wind. His time for 45 miles was 2:24:02. The object of the race was to beat the 100 mile record of Frank E. Dingley, of Minneapolis. Dingley's time for forty-five miles was 2:25:33 4-5.

Foreign Cheap Labor.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 8.—Minister Hubbard, in his annual report of the foreign trade of Japan, states that there is great poverty among the lower classes in that country. Good laborers can be hired for from 15 to 25 cents per day, and they will work from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., and board themselves.

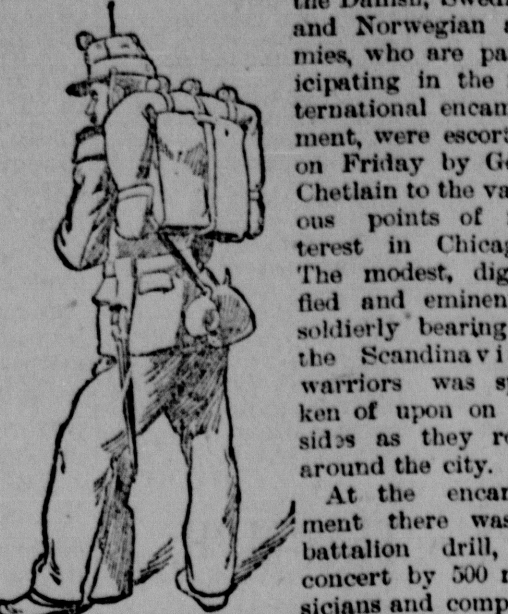
Base Ball Club Sold for \$25,000.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—President Winan has found a purchaser for his Metropolitan club. Mr. Byrne, of Brooklyn, has bought it, franchise, players and everything, for \$25,000.

SCANDINAVIANS SHOWN AROUND.

A Drive for the Norsemen at Chicago—More Competitive Drills.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—The sixty-three commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Danish, Swedish and Norwegian armies, who are participating in the international encampment, were escorted on Friday by Gen. Chetlain to the various points of interest in Chicago. The modest, dignified and eminently soldierly bearing of the Scandinavian warriors was spoken of upon all sides as they rode around the city.



At the encampment there was a battalion drill, a concert by 500 musicians and competitive drills. The encampment improves daily and is constantly presenting interesting features.

The first drills were a continuation of the company contests, and those participating were Company A, Thirteenth Ohio; Company G, First Illinois; Toledo Cadets, O. N. G.; Company D, Third Wisconsin; Company K, First Colorado. All the drills were interesting and the points were liberally applauded, but the Toledo Cadets were the favorites of the spectators. The judges then went to work figuring on the scores.

At 11 a. m. the artillery drill was given, and it was an inspiring sight. The competitors were Battery A, First Wisconsin; Battery B, First Minnesota; Battery D, First Illinois.

A RED HOT SOCIALIST.

He Would Like to Bombard Judge Gary, of Chicago.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—A large number of Socialists and Anarchists assembled at the club-rooms of the second section Communists, in this city, Friday night, to take action in sympathy with the condemned men at Chicago. The poet William Morris presided over the meeting, and in stating the object of the gathering said that the case of the Chicago Anarchists had shown him how soon the thin veneer of civilization over mere brutality could be removed and the human beast exposed. Mr. Bartlett, of the Socialist League, moved a resolution protesting against the sentence of the court, which was supported by several of the leading Socialists present, including one Seymour, who said that every Anarchist at the Haymarket meeting in Chicago should have thrown a bomb at the police. If the sentence were carried out he hoped that this would be done, and declared that if he should face Judge Gary he would consider it his proudest duty to rid the world of such a villain. The resolution was carried amid great enthusiasm.

What Gave Callinan the "Entree."

LONDON, Oct. 8.—Callinan, the informer, who is testifying for the crown in the case against his confederates for the murder of Constable Whelehan, continued his evidence at Ennis Friday. He said he disliked work. It appears from his testimony that his only stock in trade was that he had murdered Pat Henbridge and had since been welcomed everywhere.

A Good Man for a Jurymen.

DUBLIN, Oct. 8.—At the Mitcheltown inquest Friday the testimony of Constable Leahy was taken in the hospital, where he is still suffering from the effect of his injuries. He testified that he was knocked down four times before he reached the barracks, and identified a member of the coroner's jury as one of the men who obstructed his progress.

Land for the Wisconsin Central.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 8.—Secretary Lamar has decided that the Wisconsin Central railroad is entitled to its grant of land from Portage to Ashland, Wis., and directed that patents for the same be issued. He denied the application of the road for a suspension of the recent order of withdrawal until the road could adjust its grant.

Yellow Fever at Tampa, Florida.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 8.—Dr. Wall, president of the Tampa, Fla., board of health, has reported to the marine hospital service that yellow fever has broken out at Tampa, with indications of rapid spread. Surgeon General Hamilton has issued orders for energetic action to prevent the spread of the disease.

THE BEHRINGS SEA QUESTION.

An Appeal to the United States Supreme Court To Be Made by Americans.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 8.—The following dispatch is received from Ottawa, Canada: The Dominion government has been apprised of the decision of Judge Dawson, of Sitka, in regard to the sealers seized this year. All were found guilty of illegal sealing and the schooners, and the skins found on board, were forfeited to the United States government. The claim of the Washington authorities to exclusive jurisdiction in Behrings sea will probably be fought out in the United States courts before it is made a subject for an international commission.

The result of the case now in the admiralty court at Boston which directly involves this question will be eagerly watched. In this case the revenue cutter Corwin seized the San Francisco sealing schooner Suria, twenty miles from land in Behrings sea, and broke up her voyage. The owners of sealing schooners and others interested in the seal fisheries in San Francisco and Victoria, B. C., combined and raised a large fund to fight this as a test case. The admiralty decision will, no doubt, be taken to the supreme court, where a final judgment will be obtained. Justice Field is reported to have said not long ago that the supreme court was anxious to get hold of the question, and that if it was brought into court it would be promptly heard and decided.

Didn't Get His Deserts.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 8.—Josiah Mills, who criminally assaulted a little girl in the Concord cemetery, where she had gone to place flowers on her mother's grave, was sentenced Friday to twenty years in state prison.

F. F. DIXON

Knight of the Shears.



My clothes were made by Dixon.

Mine were not made by Dixon.

I Do Not Borrow!

I have moved to my new quarters on GALENA STREET, North of Main, in the same store with A. F. Robinson, where I have receive the Finest and

Most Complete Assortment of

MERCHANT TAILORING GOODS

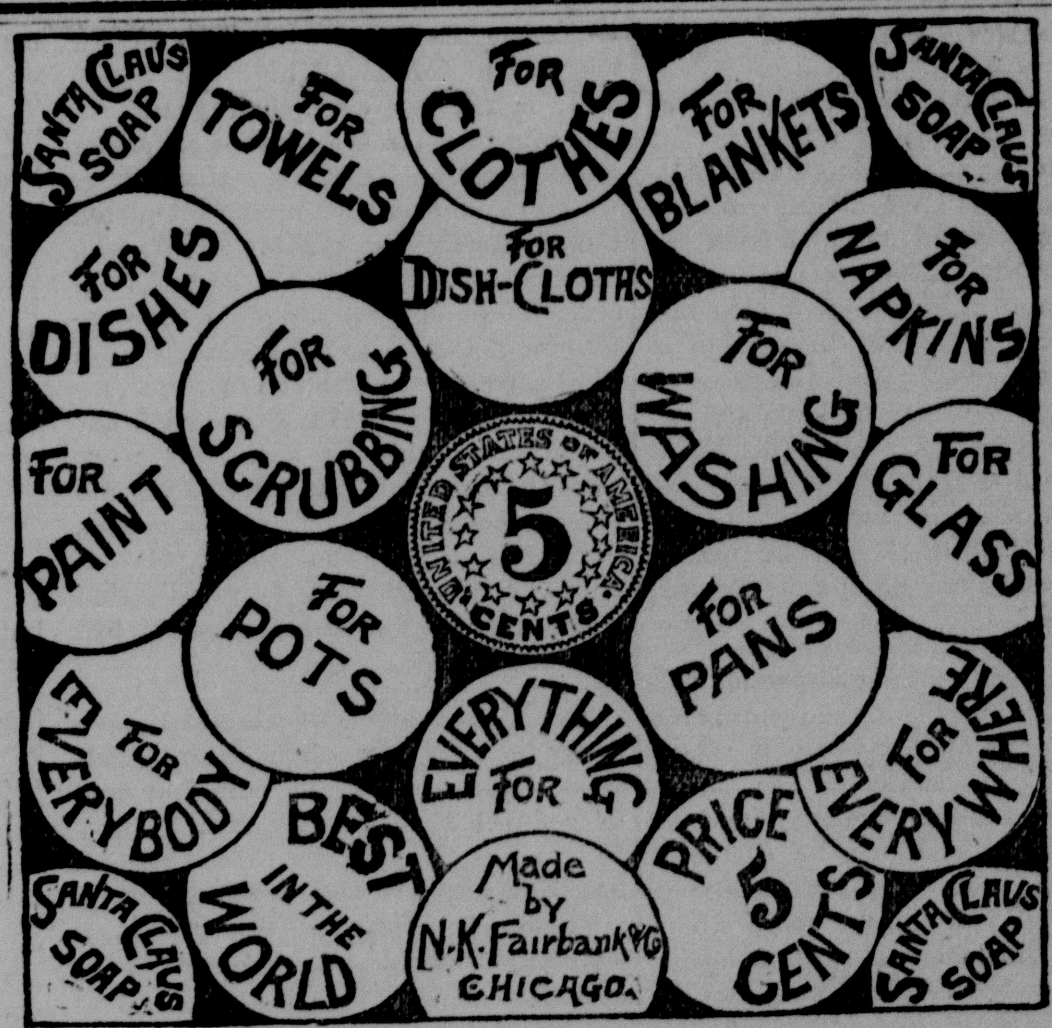
WEST OF CHICAGO.

And am prepared to make them up in the most PERFECT STYLE OF THE ART.

LADIES' GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Prices to Suit the Times:
As Cheap as the Cheapest,
Everything Being Equal.

F. F. DIXON, THE TAILOR.



The only brand of Laundry Soap awarded a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very best.

SOAP

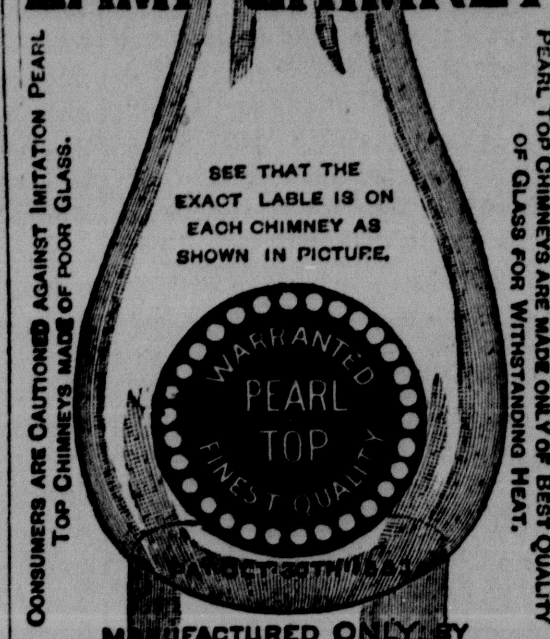
LADIES:

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount, in Packages, or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or smut. For sale by W. L. Fooks, successor to B. B. Higgins, Druggist, Dixon, Ill. 906 90571

PEARL TOP LAMP CHIMNEY



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

Parts of the Body Enlarged, Developed and Strengthened. Simple, harmless, sure self-treatment. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., mailed sealed, free. Address, ERBE MEDICAL CO., 207 W. 4th St., N.Y.

Evening Telegraph

By Telegraph and Herald Co.
B. F. SHAW, Editor.
ILLINOIS.
DIXON.

ONE of the amenities of debate in the British House of Commons, or which that body has lately become notorious, occurred in a passage at arms between Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt. The latter, addressing the former in a speech teeming with bitter personalities, said: "You have gone from this bench a deserter. We shall take care that you do not return to it a spy."

SCOTSMEN in New Year show a bit of purple at the coat lapel. This is the thistle blossom that has been showing itself in the fields and by the wayside for several days. Just now the Fairmont Park specimen shows a little ball of green with a parcel of pickles, and at the top of the ball a little tuft of purple. Tear open the ball and you have a head of thistle cotton. A month hence this cotton will show white, and will be blown wherever the winds shall go.

It is reported that Edison is working upon an invention for the conveyance of electrical messages from ship to ship at sea, using the sea itself as the medium of transmission. Sounds may be transmitted through the sea to great distance, and the invention proposed is based upon that fact. Each ship is to be fitted with an instrument analogous to the ear of a living animal—a submarine telephone, in fact, and it is believed that this will be more sensitive to sound waves transmitted through the sea than are the ears of the sailors to similar waves in the air.

A QUIET old locomotive has just been assigned to duty by the Illinois Central Railroad Company on the Lelloy and West Lebanon Line. It has one pair of drive wheels and two truck wheels, making only four wheels all told under the curious little machine. It weighs, with the tender and all equipments, less than ten tons. Twenty-two years ago it was stored away at Dubuque as useless, but the present rush of business has created a necessity for again pressing it into the service. Some of the old-timers in railroading may remember it as the "Vixen."

GEN. LONGSTREET is living quietly at Gainesville, Ga., writing a book on the war. As he finishes a chapter he sends the manuscript to Washington to have all dates and figures verified from the official records. The General says: "I expect both sides to pitch into me, and I am taking time to be certain of all my statements." Gen. Longstreet's publishers do not care to have him say very much concerning his book, but it is understood that the volume will create much discussion and will be especially interesting to those who understand the technical details of the science of war.

THE weight of your signature may be ascertained by means of those delicate scales made for delicate tests in assaying. They are adjusted to milligrammes, and are so sensitive and so fine that an eyelash can be correctly weighed on them. You can write your name on a slip of paper with a lead pencil and then find out how much your signature weighs. The weights are the mere atoms of aluminum, not half so large as the head of a pin. The machine is so delicate that a little dust blown in from the street might affect its workings, and it has to be carefully cleaned after each exposure. It is made of aluminum, platinum, and the finest tempered steel. It costs as much as its weight in gold.

THERE is a strong feeling against the Protestants in the City of Mexico. The Catholic bishop of that place has forbidden his people, under pain of excommunication, to sell any of the necessary articles or tools for their buildings or other establishments to Protestants or persons of any other sect; to give them personal help, such as that given by masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc.; to advise them or favor any of their undertakings. It is equally forbidden to send boys or girls to their schools; to receive the pamphlets or books which they distribute; to treat with them on religion, even though it be to combat them, without the express permission of the bishop; to attend their ceremonies of worship, and visit their establishments, though it be merely from curiosity.

THE Baltimore American tells the following remarkable story, which comes from one of the seaside resorts: It is reported that a young lady of excellent family has developed a species of insanity of a novel character. She has given lately a great deal of her

time and attention to amateur photography, and had become possessed with the insane idea that she could produce the effect of photography on everything. The other morning she put a handsome dress in front of the camera, and placed herself in *pura naturalibus* behind it. She then started out, leaving her room to take a walk, fully possessed with the idea that she had photographed the dress on her own charming person. Unfortunately, however, the first person in the hall she met was one of the bell-boys, who was so thoroughly frightened that he gave a scream and darted down the stairs. Assistance was called, when the young lady was taken back to her room and dressed, but the photograph apparatus was thrown out of the back window of the hotel.

THE Albuquerque (N. M.) Citizen records the courage and presence of mind of a lady of that place. While in her garden picking berries she felt something bite her on the neck just below the ear. She quickly put her hand up to the place, when a centipede curled itself around her forefinger. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint nor scream, but ran into the house, and, finding the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and stuck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. By this time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt greatly relieved, and then informed her daughter. She did not even call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia.

THE statistician at Washington has his figures on the present population of the United States disputed. He concludes that our population on June 30 last was 59,893,000. By the census of 1880 the population was then 50,152,886. Now, during the decade beginning with 1870, the natural increase of population by reproduction is known to have been 22.78 per cent., or at the average rate of 2.28 per cent. a year. Even on the principle that the ratio of natural increase is decreasing, as, in point of fact, it probably is, it would still seem safe to place the ratio during the present decade as high as 21 per cent. or 2.1 per cent. each year. At this rate the increase for the past seven years would be 7,371,471. Meanwhile, without counting the immigrants from Canada during the past two years, the gain from immigration has been 3,793,002. These figures, added to the population of 1880, give a present total of 61,318,389. Even if the annual increase is considered as only 2 per cent. the population would be a million more than the actuary's estimate. It is safe to say, therefore, that our population is at present more than 60,000,000. It is in any event growing so rapidly that there is no need of a low class of foreign accessions.

THE Conservatives of England have lately been greatly shocked by Gladstone's approval of the tunnel project to connect that country with France. Ever since Napoleon's time England has been sensitive about the dangers of a French invasion, and this prejudice against a tunnel is only one evidence of a morbid feeling that cannot be reasoned out, as it has never been reasoned out to the public. A force of fifty men on either the English or French side could guard either country against invasion from the other; but frightened people do not regard facts as obvious as this. The commercial advantages of a tunnel would be important to both countries, and Mr. Gladstone does well to make his appeal to the sober sense of the people. The Conservatives cannot well be madder at him than they are now, and in attacking their prejudices on a new side he obliges them to take up a new line of thought that may compel some to come in harmony with himself. The fear of the tunnel is not more baseless than the fear of home rule; but some may have one without the other, and as the habit of reasoning rightly grows by use, it will in time be extended far beyond its original beginnings. It is in this way that truth finally overcomes the most obstinate prejudices. The man is appealed to on some side where he is not guarded, and when his confidence is gained he may be easily diverted in an entirely opposite direction from that he first intended to go.

Bound to Be Revenged.

"How did your little book of poems take, Jack?"
"Take!" was the savage reply, "it didn't take the critics long to flay it alive. But I'll have my revenge."
"Revenge! How?"
"I'll turn critic myself and flay every other fellow's book, be it good or bad."

HER TITLE-DEEDS.

BY ABBIE MARY FELLOWS.

Inside the cottage door she sits,
Just where the sunlight, softest there,
Glants down on snowy kerchiefs bands,
On folded hands and silvered hair.
The garden pale her world shuts in,
A simple world, made sweet with rhyme,
Where life, soft lulled by drifting bees,
Flows to the mill-stream's lapping rhyme.
Poor are her cottage walls, and bare,
Too mean and small to harbor pride,
Yet with a musing gaze, she sees
Her broad domain extending wide.
Green slopes of hills, and waving fields,
With blooming hedges set between,
Through shifting veils of tender mist
Smile, half revealed, a mingled scene.
All here—for lovingly she holds
A yellowed packet in her hand,
Whose ancient, faded script proclaims
Her title to this spreading land.
Old letters! On the trembling page
Drop, unawares, unheeded tears.
These are her title-deeds; her lands
Spread through the realms of by-gone years.

KATY'S TRIUMPH.

BY ANDERSON K. LOVE.

"Does it please you, Katy?"
"Oh, it is splendid! I could not have suited myself half so well, had I been left to choose."
"But you have not seen the wine-cellar yet. It is a treasure of its kind. Let's go down again."
They went down the stairs together, he talking gaily, she with a troubled look on her face. After duly admiring the place, she put a timid hand on his arm, and said, "But, Arthur, dear, let's have no wine in it."
"Why?" he asked, in surprise.
"Because I have resolved, if I am ever the mistress of a house, there shall be no liquors kept in it—no 'social glasses' for friends."
"Why Katy, you are unreasonable. I did not know you carried your temperance opinions so far as that. Of course I shall keep wine in my house, and entertain my friends with it, too."
She raised her face appealingly.
"Arthur!" she said, in a tone of voice which he knew how to interpret.
Arthur's brow grew clouded.
"But you cannot fear for me?" he said, with half-offended pride.
"I must fear for you, Arthur, if you begin as he did. And I fear for others besides—for the sons, and husbands, and fathers, who may learn at our cheerful boards to love the poison that shall slay them."

They went up the steps and sat on a sofa in the dining-room for a few moments, while Katy put on her hat and drew on her gloves.
The argument was kept up. It is unnecessary that we should repeat all that was said on both sides. It ended at last as similar discussions have ended before. Neither was willing to yield—Katy, because she felt that her whole future happiness might be involved in it; Arthur, because he thought it would be giving way to a woman's whims, and would sacrifice too much of his popularity with his friends.

He had bought his house, paid for it, and furnished it handsomely, and in a few weeks was to bring Katy as his mistress. All the afternoon they had been looking over it together, happy as two birds with a newly-finished nest. But when Arthur closed the door and put the key in his pocket, in the chill, waning light of the December afternoon, and gave Katy his arm to see her home, it was all "broken up" between them, and a notice, "To Let," was put over the door of the pretty house the very next morning.

It was the most foolish thing to do; but then lovers can always find something to quarrel about.

They parted with a cool "Good evening," at the door of Katy's lodging-house. She went up to her room to cry; he went home hurt and angry, but secretly resolving to see her again, and give her a chance to say that she was in the wrong. He would wait a few days, however; it would not do to let her see that he was in a hurry to "make it up."

He did wait, nearly a week, and when he called at the modest lodging-house, where he had been waiting so often, he was told that Miss Gardiner had been gone three days.

"Gone where?" he asked, slow to believe.

"She did not tell me, sir. She said she was not coming back. Her aunt lives at Bristol."

He then took the next train to Bristol, and investigated; but neither there, nor in any other place, though he searched for months afterwards, did he find sign or trace of Katy Gardiner.

All this happened more than a year before I saw Katy; but we three "factory girls," who lodged at Mrs. Howell's with her, of course knew nothing about it. She came to the factory and applied for work. The Superintendent thought her too delicate for such labor, but she persisted; and in fact, she improved in health, spirits, and looks after she became used to the work and simple fare of the factory girls.

She was a stranger to us all, and it seemed likely that she would remain so. But one day Mary Bascom's dress caught in a part of the machinery, and before any one else could think what to do, Katy had sprang to her side, and pulled her away by main strength from the terrible danger that threatened her. After that, Mary and Lizzie Payne and I, who were her dearest friends, were Katy's sworn allies.

We all lodged together then, in the big "Factory Boarding House." But Katy took it into her head that we should have so much nicer times in a private lodging to ourselves; and when she took anything into her head she generally carried it through. In less than a week she had found the very

place she wanted, arranged matters with the Superintendent, and had us sheltered under Mrs. Howell's vine and fig tree. We four girls were the proud possessors of a tolerably large, double-bedded apartment, with a queer little dressing-room attached—"and the liberty of the parlor to receive callers in" a proviso at which we all laughed.

This was "home" to us after the labor of the day. Indeed and in truth, Katy made the place so charming that we forgot we were "factory girls" when we got to it. She improvised cunning little things out of trifles that are usually thrown away as useless, and the flowers growing in broken pots in our window were a glory to behold. She always had a fresh book or periodical on our table; and better than this, she brought to us the larger cultivation, and the purer taste, which taught us how to use opportunities within our reach.

"What made you take to our style of life, Katy?" asked Lizzie one evening, as we all sat in the east window, watching the outcoming of the stars, and telling girlish dreams.

"Destiny, my child," answered Katy, stooping to replace the little boot she had thrown off to rest her foot.

"But you might have been an authoress, or a painter, or a book-keeper, or—"

Lizzie's knowledge of this world was rather limited; Katy broke in upon her.

"There, that will do. I was not born a genius, and I hate arithmetic."

"But you did not always have to work for a living, Katy?" said May. "You are a lady, I know."

Katy laughed a short, queer laugh.

"Yes," she said, "and that's why I don't know how to get my living in any other way but this. So behold me a healthy and honest factory girl."

She rose, made a little bow, and a flourish with her small hands, and we all laughed, although she said nothing funny.

"Milly," said she, "please light the lamp, and get the magazine, while I hunt up my thimble and thread. Ladies, I find myself under the necessity of mending my gloves this evening. Oh, poverty! where is thy sting? In a shabby glove, I do believe, for nothing hurts me like that, unless it be a decaying boot."

Katy's gloves were a marvel to us. She never wore any but of good quality and always the same color—a brownish neutral tint, that harmonized with almost any dress—but just now a new pair would seem to be the one thing needful, from the appearance of the ones she brought out.

She sat and patiently mended the little rents, while I read aloud; and when she had finished, the gloves looked almost new.

The next day was Saturday, and we had a half-holiday. Katy and I went to make some trifling purchases, and on our way home stopped at the big boarding-house, to see one of the girls who was ill.

When we came out, Katy ran across the street to get a magazine from the news-shop, and came hurrying up to overtake me before I turned the corner. She had the magazine open, and one of her hands was ungloved; but it was not until we reached home that she found she had lost a glove. It was too late then to go and look for it. We went and searched the next morning, but could not find it.

Katy mourned for it.
"It was my only pair, girls," said she, tragically; "and it is a loss that cannot be repaired."

What people call a "panic" had occurred in financial circles in the spring after Arthur Craig had lost his Katy, and almost without a day's warning he found himself a poor man. He left his affairs in the hands of his creditors—having satisfied himself that they could gather enough from the wreck to save themselves—and set his face to London.

He had been educated for a physician, though fortune made a merchant of him. Learning from a friend that there was an opening for a doctor in Fenwick, he came thither and began to practice.

Doctor Sewell had gone off on a visit, leaving his patients in charge of the new doctor; and so it came about that on that Saturday evening he was on his way to visit Maggie Lloyd, the sick girl at the lodging-house, when, just after turning the corner near the news-shop, he saw a brown glove lying on the pavement. He was about to pass it by; but a man's instinct to pick up anything of value that seems to have no owner, made him put it in his pocket. He forgot all about it the next minute.

But when he had made his call and returned to his consulting room, in taking a paper from his pocket the glove fell out, and he picked it up and looked at it with idle curiosity.

It was old, but well-preserved. It had been mended often, but so neatly as to make him regard mending as one of the fine art. It had a strangely familiar look to him. Little, and brown, and shapely, it lay on his knee, bearing the very form of the hand that had worn it.

And as he gazed at it there came to him the memory of an hour, many months past, when he had sat by Katy's side on the green sofa in the dining-room of "their house" (alas!) and watched her put her small hands into a pair of brown gloves so much like this one.

Ever since that never-to-be-forgotten day, the vision of his lost love, sitting there in the fading light, slowly drawing on her glove, her sweet eyes filling as they talked—quarreled, we should say, perhaps—had gone with him as an abiding memory of her, until he had come to know each shade of the picture

—the color of the dress, the ribbon at the throat, and the shaded plume in her hat.

He looked at the little glove a long time. He had thought it might belong to one of the factory girls, as he found it near the lodging-house. But it did not look like a "factory hands" glove. He would ask Maggie Lloyd, at any rate; so he put it carefully in his pocket until he should make his calls the next morning.

He had suffered the glove to become so associated with the memory of a past that was sacred to him, that he felt his cheek burn and his hand tremble, as he drew it forth to show it to Maggie, who was sitting, in the comfort of convalescence, in an arm-chair by the window, watching the handsome young doctor write the prescription for her benefit.

"By the way, Miss Maggie, do you know whose glove this is?"

Maggie knew it at once. It was Miss Gardiner's glove.

"Miss Gardiner!"

The name made his heart beat again.

"Is she one of the factory hands?"

"Yes; but she lodges with Mrs. Howell, quite out of town, almost; she was here to see me yesterday."

"Oh, I see!" said he, not the most relevantly. "And can you tell me how to find Mrs. Howell's house? I suppose I could go by and restore this glove to its owner."

Maggie thought this unnecessary trouble; but she gave the required direction, and he went out, saying to himself, "It can't be my Katy, of course; but the glove shall go back to its owner."

Mary and Lizzie went to church that Sunday morning. Katy declared she couldn't go, having but one glove. I stayed at home with her, and offered to keep Mrs. Howell's children for her, add so persuaded that worthy woman to attend worship with the girls.

And this is how it came about, that while we were having a frolic on the carpet with the children in Mrs. Howell's room, we heard a ring at the door; and Bridget having taking herself off somewhere, there was no help for it but for one of us to answer the summons.

"You go, Katy," whispered I, in dismay. "I cannot appear."

Katy glanced severely at her own frizzy head in the looking-glass, gave a pull at her overskirt and a touch to her collar, and opened the door.

Immediately afterwards I was shocked by hearing her utter a genuine feminine scream, and seeing her drop on the floor; and that man, a perfect stranger to me, gathered her up in his arms, and began raving over her in a manner that astonished me. He called her "his darling," and "his own Katy," and actually kissed her before I could reach her.

I was surprised at myself afterwards, that I hadn't ordered the gentlemen out; but it never occurred to me at the time, and when Katy "came to," and sat up on the sofa and heard his speeches, she seemed so well pleased that I left them and took the children up to our room, feeling bewildered all over.

What shall I say further? Only that Katy lives in the pretty house in the town known as Dr. Craig's residence, where we three factory girls "have a home whenever we want it. And there are no liquors found on her sideboard nor at her table."

One day I heard Arthur say, "You were a silly child, Kate, to run away from me. I should have given up the point at last, I know."

"But there would have been the splendid cellar and the ten thousand a year," answered she. "It would have been such a temptation. We are safer as it is, dear."

Sympathy Among Fowls.

In the beautiful city of Newton, a few miles from Boston, a flock of pigeons was accustomed to feed with a large number of hens. Both hens and pigeons were on good terms with each other, and seemed to enjoy the mutual companionship. One day the strength of the friendship was tested, and its value to the weaker party was clearly proved.

A cat, bent on mischief, sprang suddenly on one of the pigeons, as all were feeding together, and, seizing him in her mouth, was making off.

Instantly there was a commotion. Two rooster and two or three hens chased the common enemy, and, by their noise and various pecks, so frightened the cat that she dropped the pigeon and ran away.

The pursuers gathered round the pigeon apparently to see if it was fatally injured; but no harm had been done, and the pigeon soon gathered strength to fly off, when the brace of chanticleers joined in vigorous crowing, to celebrate their great victory. The incident was a touching one to all who saw it, showing that fowls may have such a regard for companions as prompts them to help each other in trouble.

College Widows.

That class of young ladies known among the students as "college widows," and commonly supposed to have the acquaintance of several generations of collegians, is not larger in New Haven than elsewhere. Let a girl once get such a reputation, however, whether justly or unjustly acquired, she can bid good-by to all hopes of wedding a college man. A fellow may enjoy her company; he may call on her; he may pay her sufficient attention to ordinarily justify a popular suspicion of an engagement; but he rarely or never marries her.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The stone is hard and the drop is small, but a hole is made by the constant fall.

The Newspaper as a Household Companion.

Business houses fail and customers go elsewhere and buy, without delay or discomfort; trade goes on, after the little ripple of excitement dies out, pretty much the same as before; huge structures burn down, and in a short time others rise in their places, and the neighborhood soon forgets the loss; but when the presses of an old journal stop, and the face of the accustomed counselor, guide, and friend fails to be seen at the morning meal, fresh, clean, attractive, and full of matter for study and entertainment, an exclamation of surprise is heard in thousands of households. "Where is the paper?" would be the question from the child to the gray-head. If it were announced that the presses would revolve no more, many a father would feel like putting crape at the door-knob for an old, familiar, and well-beloved friend, whose face would never be seen again. Happily, this rarely happens. When a journal wins its way by merit and faithfulness in the performance of duty into the heart of the family, they are loath to turn it from the door as time goes on. One generation loves it as the preceding did. It is the old friend who has seen the faces of all the ancestors, and its presence is always welcome. It knows their history. Men who make newspapers wear out and die like other people. A black line or two along the page and a few words in a column tell that the writer has laid down his pen, and that the weary hand and once whirling brain have stopped work forever. But such a one leaves his mark and example behind. His work has gone into the journal as a part of its character, and the man who takes up the worn pen he dropped strives to preserve its individuality and its strength.—*Baltimore American.*

The Sales of "Pickwick."

The publishers of "Pickwick" sent out, "on sale or return," 1,500 copies of each of the first five numbers to all parts of the provinces, but the only result was an average sale of fifty copies of each number! The publication was practically a failure, and it was seriously debated whether it should be discontinued or not. In the fourth number Sam Weller had appeared on the scene, and fortunately at this juncture attracted great attention, calling forth admiration by the freshness and originality of the conception. Sam was received with acclamation by all, and arose to an unheard-of popularity. The sale of the ensuing numbers suddenly increased, and at the completion of the work it had attained to 40,000 copies! When the twelfth number was reached the publishers sent the author a check for £500 as a practical expression of their gratification. During the publication of the work Dickens received from the same source several checks, amounting to £3,000, in addition to the fifteen guineas per number which it was agreed should be paid him. It was understood at the time that Messrs. Chapman & Hall made a clear profit of nearly £20,000 by the sale of the "Pickwick Papers," after paying author's expenses.—*Temple Bar.*

THE Bank of England was established in 1694, and is banker to the Government, receiving all taxes, and paying all dividends and outgoings for public offices.

A Useful Precaution.

It is a useful precaution for the tourist, the commercial traveler, or the emigrant to the West, to take along Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Invalids who travel by steamboat or rail should provide themselves with it, in order to prevent or remedy the nausea which the jarring and vibration of vehicles in transit often causes them. Vastly preferable is it for this simple, but needful purpose, to the heady unmedicated stimulants of commerce. On board ship, it not only remedies sea-sickness, but neutralizes the pernicious effects of water slightly brackish, which, if unqualified, is apt to give rise to irregularities of the bowels, cramps in the abdominal region, and dyspepsia. To the aerial poison of malaria it is an efficient antidote. Sick headache, heartburn, and wind upon the stomach, are promptly banished by it. It healthfully stimulates the kidneys and bladder, and nullifies the early symptoms of rheumatism.

Food for Infants.

It was claimed by the readers of one of the papers before the American Association of Science that of every 100 infants fed on mothers' milk about eight die at the end of the first year; of 100 wet-nursed eighteen die, and of 100 fed on "infant food" fifty one die by the end of the first year. Food derived from cows' milk, diluted with a requisite quantity of water, and by adding cream and heating, is claimed to be the best and safest.

THE circulation of the blood was discovered by Michael Servetus, a French physician, in 1553, rediscovered by Caisalpinus in 1569, and more completely by Harvey in 1628.

The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time, and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the mainspring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung scrofula) is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

By a wise provision of Providence, close beside the little tree on which nutmegs grow often stands a greater.—*Texas Siftings.*

EXPERIMENTS with dogs show that their keen sense of smell enables them to detect or discover persons by this sense alone. Such experiments prove that not only do we all have looks peculiar to ourselves, but that each individual has a distinctive odor about his person which is being continually given off as are the odors of flowers. Human beings are by no means unsuspicious to the influences of these bodily odors, and perhaps they have more influence than we suspect in causing one person to be attracted toward or repelled from another. Perhaps we do not know what we miss in this lack of keen development of one of the five senses, but, on the other hand, perhaps we are well off as we are.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

THOUGH electrical storage batteries have attracted attention only within the past seven years, the discovery of the principle is as old as the century. Gausserot having first noticed in 1801 that platinum or silver wires gave off a current after being disconnected from a voltaic battery with which they had been used for decomposing saline water. The first secondary cell of Plante was made in 1860.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years, Swallowed oft with groans and tears, How it made the flesh recoil, Loathsome, greasy, castor oil! Search you only memory close, Till you find another dose: All the shuddering frame revolts At the thought of Epsom salts! Underneath the pill-box lid Was a greater horror hid, Climax of all inward ills, Huge and gripping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

A NORTH of England ferryman has the following motto: "No crown, no cross!"

\$500 Reward

Is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing, and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," stertorous, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

QUEER, is it not? that base-ball should depend very much upon the pitcher and cricket upon the bowl.

If Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and permanent benefit. The Medical Profession universally declares it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure."—W. A. HULBERT, M.D., Salisbury, Ill.

A CROW bar—Putting a muzzle on a rooster.

Offer No. 170.

FREE!—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A three-foot, French glass, oval-front Show Case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State street, Chicago.

LYON'S Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PENSIONS To Soldiers and Heirs, L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

HOME Study. Secure a Business Education by mail from BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

OPIUM Habit Cured satisfactorily before any pay, Prof. J. M. BARTON, 55th Ward, Cincinnati, O. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. \$2-17 years' experience.

THOUSANDS say that Ely's Cream Balm cured them of HAY-FEVER. Apply Balm into each nostril.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD! A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

HALF a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water in a few moments cures Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions. It is highly important that every family keep a supply of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE TRUE RELIEF. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and cures Headache, whether sick or nervous, Toothache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Weakness in the Back, Spine, or Kidneys, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Bites of Insects, and Pains of all kinds. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure. Price Fifty Cents. Sold by Druggists. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Razor Co., Holly, Mich. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted, 10 best selling agents in the North and South. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

LOOK NEVER SUCH A COLT REPEATING RIFLE

TO NON-UNION PRINTERS. Job Printers, Pressmen and Feeders who wish permanent situations in first-class offices in Chicago to work ten hours per day for the present wages, will please send name and address, with qualifications, to W. M. JOHNSON, Secretary of Chicago Typotheta, 68 and 70 Wabash Avenue. Wages—Job Printers, \$15; Pressmen, \$21; Feeders, \$7 to \$9 per week.

Sioux City, Iowa

Parties having good clean stock of MERCHANDISE, and who desire to go out of business, can sell or exchange their stock for Cash and good Western Land, improved or unimproved, in Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota. We also have for sale desirable Real Estate in this growing city. Address CLARK BROS., Real Estate and Business Brokers, 30 4th St., Sioux City, Ia.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for indigestion that they have ever used.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM. IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of indigestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure. Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price \$1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send the dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years. WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

BEING ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a LAXATIVE, ALTERATIVE, or PURGATIVE, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, for 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 REWARD (Is offered by the) PROPRIETORS OF DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy FOR A CASE OF CATARRH WHICH THEY CAN NOT CURE.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH. Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at other times thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. However, only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY CURES THE WORST CASES OF Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

The OLDEST MEDICINE in the WORLD is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's

Celebrated Eye Water

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

MARVELOUS MEMORY

OPPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Price 35c. ASTHMA, by mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

PAYNE ENGINES.

ENGINES AND BOILERS of all Sizes.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Drawer 1130, ELMIRA, N. Y. BRANCH OFFICES: 10 South Canal Street, CHICAGO, Ill. 45 Dey Street, NEW YORK.

TOWER'S SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Little Sugar-coated Granules or Pills.

BOILS CURED. WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

THE BEST CATHARTIC. Mrs. C. W. BROWN, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, says: "Your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are without question the best cathartic ever sold. They are also a most efficient remedy for torpor of the liver. We have used them for years in our family, and keep them in the house all the time."

UNTOLD AGONY FROM CATARRH.

CONSTANTLY HAWKING AND SPITTING. THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2208 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

PENSIONS Send for Pension Laws to U. S. Claim Agents FITZGERALD & POWELL, Indianapolis, Ind.

PILE COLD is worth \$100 per pound, Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

WIZARD OIL FOR PAIN

Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and All Aches and Pains. The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but it cures you. That's the idea! Sold by Druggists, 50 cts. Send Book mailed free. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.

C. N. U. No. 41-87

When Writing to Advertisers, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

THE BEST WATERPROOF COAT.

